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PHRENOLOGY AS AN AID TO THE BIOGRAPHER.

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BURNS.

(Continued from page 125.)

It is questionable if these latter ages have in any other instance, produced so near a resemblance to the ancient bards, in their ability, as by a special gift, to marry appropriate words to fitting music. It seems, indeed, to be now almost forgotten, that the poet was once a singer, and chanted his martial, amatory, or elegiac strains, usually to his own accompaniment on the lyre or harp. The Welsh, Irish, and Gaelic bards retained this usage to a comparatively late period, while the rhythm and metre of all true poetry still afford unmistakable evidence of its former union with melody. Nor, we have reason to believe, can these sister arts ever be long or widely dissociated without serious damage to each. Yet now we have not only "songs without words," but also it is to be feared, in some cases, words without songs. We have operas, on which the composer has lavished all the richest gifts of his genius, with a libretto beneath contempt. And we have poems, abounding in grandeur of thought and beauty of conception, and yet marred by passages so utterly devoid of all the graces of style, that the most skilful reader fails to mould them into the rhythmic cadence, even of good prose, during his recitation. But here was a man who furnished the national airs of his country with words so heart-stirring and appropriate, so perfectly suitable in sound and sentiment, that in popular estimation the songs, implying also the airs, are his; the composer, even if known to antiquaries and professed musicians, being practically ignored, his lesser light being

swallowed up and absorbed in the overwhelming glory of the author—of the libretto!

Phrenologically speaking, Burns accomplished this by the union of a splendid organ of language with good time and tune. It is doubtful, however, whether he would ever have shone as a musician, in the sense of being an original composer. His power in reference to music was rather that of appreciation than composition. Carefully trained, his time would have made him a severe critic, and, combined with his moderate tune and fine temperament, perhaps even a brilliant executant, but nothing more. He was pre-eminently the poet, not the composer, though rarely endowed with intense susceptibility to what we may, by scarcely a figure of speech, term the soul of music.

The reflective faculties, like the other intellectual powers, are considerably above the average. A man so constituted would manifest good sense and sound judgment, when not swayed by passion or labouring under any undue excitement; hence his advice would be superior to his self-guidance. His logic would sometimes prove too subtle for the apprehension of ordinary minds. His reasoning was often assisted by his rhetoric, his power of persuasion not being solely dependent on the force of his arguments, but on these, as reinforced by his wonderful flow of language, his fine social qualities and his commanding strength of mind, indicated by volume of brain and vigour of temperament. He also possessed one attribute not so common, we allude to his analogical power, as indicated by the development of his comparison. To this he was also indebted for a certain portion of that intuitive insight with which he was so largely endowed, and, we may add, that profound sympathy, of which he was so grandly capable. Obviously a clear and vigorous thinker on all practical subjects, by the sole help of his mother-wit, but also one who, under other circumstances, might have attained to the acumen of the professed dialectician—or yet better, to the profundity and grasp of an original mind, using its thoroughly disciplined powers on the accumulated subject-matter of a life of study. Let not the tenor of these remarks be misunderstood. We would no more have had Burns encumbered by learning than Shakespeare. To fulfil his mission, to do his work, it was, as we have said, absolutely necessary that he should be a peasant bard; the product not of art but nature, the outcome not of books and the schools, but of earth in its beauty and heaven in its grandeur; and, we may add, of life in its stern and terrible yet sublime and beneficent reality—the life of those toiling and suffering millions, who find that continuous labour, manful and heroic, is the sole barrier between them and absolute starvation.

We have already spoken of the intellectual faculties as being

very largely, the mere expressional instrumentalities of the affections and sentiments. And if this be true of ordinary men, it was especially so of Robert Burns. Thus he idealized the objects of his affections, and then drew their portrait from this spiritualized reflection of the real—as poets, doubtless, have done and will do, in all ages and countries. In addition to this, however, his ideality gave him an actual perception of the beautiful, denied to men devoid of this high endowment. He looked at the universe through the eyes of his soul as well as his body, and thus beheld not merely its material presentment, but, in moments of especial inspiration, also caught glimpses of those supernal glories whereof the material and the temporal are but the passing and perishing vesture. No true poet is ever wholly devoid of this rare faculty of supersensuous insight, though it is possessed in very different degrees by the various orders of the sublime hierarchy of song. The much-abused and altogether misunderstood organ of wonder, of course, largely conduces to this inspired perception of the underlying divinity of things, being in this the complement of sublimity, for as the latter reveals the overawing grandeur of the universe, so the former, in part, unveils its mysterious spirituality.

We here advance on a province of phrenology, admittedly incomplete. In truth, the entire “Poet’s Corner” is still very largely a *terra incognita*, arising possibly from the fact that the great masters of the science hitherto were observers and thinkers, but not bards, and so devoid of those elements in their own consciousness, by which they could have effectually interpreted the endowments and manifestations of those more richly gifted in this particular than themselves. Suffice it here, that we regard ideality and wit as purely intellectual faculties, subject however, more especially the former, to the reaction of sublimity and wonder. It was this combination, together with a certain influence from destructiveness and secretiveness, that enabled the poet to mingle the grotesque and the terrible with so masterly a hand in Tam o’ Shanter. As already remarked, it was through his sublimity, wonder, veneration, and ideality, reinforced by his powerful emotions, that he framed these words of thunder and lines of fire that make “Scots wha hae” the battle-hymn of time. It was also this combination, reinforced by his powerful caution, conscientiousness, and concentrativeness, that made his moments of remorse so fearful, and shaped his utterances into an agony of supplication and self-abasement, so eloquent and impressive, that profane literature can furnish us with no parallel, and we must resort to the penitential psalms of Israel’s erring king, if we would find anything superior in force and earnestness, to these prayerful outpourings of regret and self-accusation by the great-souled but impulsive and undisciplined peasant bard of

Caledonia. It was also this higher combination, united with his ardent affections, purified by her death from every vestige of earthly passion, which gave to his "Mary in Heaven" that celestial tone, as if here, on the very confines of the spiritland, he had caught the far-reverberated notes of some angel-singer of the skies—or perhaps, in a specially rapt moment, had been permitted to thus prophetically prelude some of his own seraphic strains, in this beautiful echo from the faultless harmonies and stainless anthems of the eternal.

In no man, however, is character determined solely by structure, and least of all in such an one as he of whom we are now speaking. In addition to quantity either as a whole, in reference to general volume of brain, or in particular directions, as affecting the development of special organs or groups, there is the important element of temperament. This, more than either volume or contour, divides the *quality* of the cerebral products, and so very largely determines their essential value. Many a Scottish peasant, has had a head quite as large as Robert Burns, and some have had an anterior lobe more expansively developed, but few, if any, have ever equalled him in susceptibility of feeling, in intensity and ardour of affection, and, above all, none have even approached him in the power to adequately illustrate and embody these emotions, so as to render them duly presentable to others. The delicacy and intensity of his feelings were the result of temperament, while his ability to effectually embody them constituted one of the rarest gifts of his genius.

His temperament, as already remarked, was pre-eminently nervo-fibrous, the former element being however, to at least an ordinary observer, largely overlaid by the latter, for here was no drawing-room exquisite with pallid face, and silken locks, and snowy hands of feminine delicacy, but a stalwart peasant of goodly stature, large in chest and stout of limb, swarthy and sunburnt beyond the most, and with a pair of hands upon him that bore unmistakable traces of long familiarity with flail and spade, plough and mattock. A man of genius no doubt, but a son of the soil notwithstanding—rather shall not we say, who have so reverently gathered up the testimonials of his divinity, the radiant plumes which he so carelessly dropped from his celestial pinions, a veritable Apollo disporting with the nymphs in the disguise of a shepherd, a Creeshna in the glorious exuberance of his heavenly youth, making merry with the Gopalis. Beneath this muscular exterior however, as if placed centrewise, to constitute the very basis of his being, was a highly-developed nervous system, endowing him with all the susceptibility of the very highest poetic temperament. The flashing eye, the powerfully-marked and expressive face, reflecting by turns, every varying shade of thought and emotion, the almost tragic earnest-

ness of manner, the superabounding eloquence, so rich in matter, so inspired in utterance, might have revealed this wealth of nature to any adequately penetrating observer, and convinced him that here, in this hodden grey, was a fresh avatar of the divine,—a man ennobled without titles, and immortal independently of monuments. While even the rudest and coarsest of his companions at the village ale-house, his neighbours on the next farm, and his acquaintances at the nearest market, all felt that Robert Burns was no ordinary man, and to their dying day spoke of this sublime apparition as the one great experience of their lives, that which relieved the dull monotony of their rustic existence from its conscious insignificance, by a grandly-redeeming ray of celestial glory. The phrenologist has here no difficulty in detecting all the indications of a powerfully-developed nervous system, bursting irresistibly through its encasing envelope of muscle, like volcanic fire breaking through superincumbent yet not restraining strata of rock, and pouring its burning lava down the mountain slopes, so lately vested in eternal snow.

But this man had more than a powerfully-organised brain and a finely-developed nervous system; in addition to this he had that ecstatic exaltation of the faculties which we commonly speak of as inspiration. This is a subject rather beyond the domain of phrenology proper, as at present understood, and yet until it has been thoroughly investigated, the science will remain incomplete in relation to the noblest province of its appropriate subject matter, we allude to men of genius and their especial manifestations of intellectual power, as prophets, poets, artists, and composers. It is simply absurd to suppose that beings of this order, with their lightning intuitions and supernal illumination, can be fully interpreted by the usual admeasurements and common standards of phrenology. These do very well with ordinary men and even men of talent, in whom the brain works according to its normal condition of activity and power. But there is something beyond this in the man of genius. He has that interior illumination, occurring in him spontaneously, which we occasionally induce in our mesmeric subjects, under the form of clairvoyance, or as, perhaps, it may be more appropriately termed, ecstatic lucidity. It was thus that Raphael painted his Transfiguration, fulfilling the highest laws of artistic composition, without effort and almost unconsciously; and it was thus, doubtless, that Shakespeare threw off some of his finest passages, not by infinite labour, interlineation, and polish, but by simple obedience to promptings from the inner and higher sphere, during some gifted hour when the spirit was upon him. As we purpose however, on some future occasion, writing a special paper on this subject, we will only remark here, that Burns appears to have been a notable instance in point, some of his

finest pieces being produced with a fervour and facility eminently indicative of the ecstatic manner of their composition.

Of course the constitutional susceptibility to this illuminated condition, like other innate gifts, must be born with a man; but as fasting, prayer, solitude, and devotion, appear to have been time-honoured processes for its more effective development among ascetic religionists, so sorrow, and suffering to the verge of unendurable agony, were often its precursors in men of larger mould, the poets and prophets of all time. And to such painful experience he of whom we now write, was no stranger, for, as we know from the sad records of his life, this man, so marvellously endowed with all the priceless gifts of genius, so acutely, nay, we might almost say, so morbidly sensitive, was nevertheless ruthlessly exposed to every form of carking care and heart-wearing anxiety, and this too from so early a period that it may almost be said, he never knew what it was to lay his head on an easy pillow. His father's gradually increasing embarrassments came home to him while yet a child. The overwhelming liabilities of that prudent and industrious, yet hopelessly involved family, entered into the very soul of the prematurely thoughtful boy. While still in the bloom of youth, he succeeded to that dire inheritance, the headship of a falling household. And then his own impulsive follies early laid the foundation for disquietudes and mortifications, from which his father's better-regulated life was happily exempt. Yes, let us confess the truth in this matter; if he inherited misfortune, he also made it. Perhaps in this his case was only the more lamentable, seeing that the pangs of regret and remorse were thus superadded to the agony of wounds, in themselves all but insupportable. Speaking after the manner of men, we may perhaps be disposed to regret this, but when we see how God's chosen instruments have always been passed through the furnace, it becomes at once obvious that their individual suffering is not solely personal, but has a regard to prospective issues, of whose importance, Omniscience can be the alone judge. More especially is this so in the case of a man of commanding genius, destined through his works, to exercise a wide and lasting influence on succeeding generations. The sufferings of such an one, in the terrible initiation preparatory to his exalted office, are as nothing, compared with the weightier consideration of his ultimate efficiency as a teacher of the ages. Moreover, let us remember that the rod is always held by One who can at any time bring omnipotence to the rescue, and who can draw on eternity and celestial beatitude for compensation to the selected agents of his sovereign will. And thus then, perhaps, it chanced that this man, the noblest, grandest, and most gifted of his century, was a storm-spawned barque, that never found a sheltering haven, and so at last

went down in mid-voyage, the victim of the tempest; lost to sight in the night of time, and leaving what we call his immortal works, floating wreckwise on the weltering waste of troubled waters.

But it is time we should bring these remarks, which are suggestive rather than exhaustive, to a conclusion, and we cannot perhaps do this better than by a summary of our preceding observations. Fine as a woman in his feelings, Burns was strong as a man in his passions. With impulses ever urging him into error, he had principles that would not be silenced and aspirations that could not be suppressed. A demigod in his soul, he was sometimes anything but heroic in his life. Let us not, however, be too severe in our interpretations, even when we find him, like other immortals, occasionally condescending to something beneath his divine estate. He was not born for parlour proprieties. He did not live in an age of small virtues. He was a Samson that rusted for want of the Philistines. With stupendous powers he had no sphere. A Prometheus bound hopelessly to the rock of circumstance; what we call his works are but the wails of his agony and the outburst of his indignation. Like other angel-presences, he was not known till he had departed. The world remained blind to its greatest man, and continued deaf to its sweetest voice, till the one was removed beyond its flattery, and the other had sunk into a grandly expiring echo. It is the old story of a heavenly messenger despised by an unworthy world, a God-sent prophet starved and stoned by the fathers, whose repentant children, with much ado in after years, build the sepulchre and celebrate the centenary of the seer. It was always so in the past—have we any reason to believe it will be otherwise in the future?

CHAPTERS ON EDUCATION.

CHAPTER II.

PAUPERS AND CRIMINALS.

By H. D. JENCKEN, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.R.I., &c.

THE base of the ladder has been reached. Step by step as I have descended, the wrong, the neglect, increased, until I find my pathway leading me to the haunts of the forlorn, to the poor, the soul-degraded criminal. In dealing with this dark side of our social condition, I have no wish to give vent to sentimental feelings—let them go to the four winds—I have but the practical side to consider. The one million chronic poor, whose presence poisons our atmosphere, what a pity good old friend death cannot clear them off at a blow! how this would relieve the poor rates, and relieve the upper and better-to-do classes of

the constant bitter reproach their presence preaches us, by the fact that a great mass of our population "are chronic poor"—that is, hand down from parent to child the privilege of suffering, of mental, moral degradation. But, unfortunately, for this humane wish of mine, death has evil companions in his wake—plague, fever, and the like—and these rude untutored hands are too apt to seize upon all alike without distinction, enter the cottage door and palace gate, little minding the protestations of the inmates. So it happens that we cannot let paupers perish—What a pity! And as to criminals, no mother is more vigilant, more caring than our authorities; they keep a constant maternal watch over these lost children of poverty. But, at whose cost is this care bestowed? Why, at that of the rate-payers—the man of property; and this brings me to figures, to those dry statistical tables; so tedious to deal with, and yet so wholesome to know.

England and Wales, with a total population of twenty-one millions, have one million paupers on average; that is, men and women supported by the state at a cost of ten millions sterling, according to Mr T. Hughes (*Poor Rates to Lady Day, 1865*), a cost levied upon the productive classes; for in estimating the actual loss to the country, the non-productiveness of the chronic poor must be taken into account. Poverty starves out the physical strength of a man and paralyses his industry. A large mass of our population who are not on the lists of those relieved by parish rates, suffer equally; and no one who has not visited the denser and poor districts of London, Manchester, and Liverpool, can realize the enormous waste of human energy, contending against hopeless poverty. From out this hot-bed of suffering crops up the criminal class—a wild plant that has struck its roots deep into our social corpus, sapping the very life-blood of the people. The cost of keeping up an army of constabulary, the cost of prisons and maintenance of criminals, is truly enormous for the years 1865-66-67. The average cost has been nearly two and a half millions, and the total number of accredited criminals, that is, on the government lists of convicted prisoners, is nearly 140,000; of these, London furnishes a home for about 14,000—a goodly number.

The cost of about £2,500,000, is, however, only a per-centage of the actual outlay. The criminals destroy ten times what their depredation can yield them: this is a well known fact, admitted by writers on political economy. This loss falls upon the man of property—it is he, and he only who bears the loss. I am afraid to multiply the cost of our criminals by this loss. The figure looks so big, so ugly, it might suggest a source of redeeming our national debt, if we could but manage to utilize and save from destruction the millions upon millions thus wasted.

Pauperism, the parent of our destitute and neglected children, produces crime. Mary Carpenter justly says, "The multitude of destitute children that exists in our country has never yet been numbered; no attempt has yet been made by the government to ascertain how many hundreds of thousands, or even millions of them may exist amongst us." Manchester alone is estimated to have 50,000 out of a population under half a million; and London, though an attempt has been made to deny this by the Conservative side, contains 150,000 destitute, forlorn, *uneducated children*. Bristol, and even wealthy, well-to-do Liverpool, show numbers in excess of this. At a place near to Manchester, I give this only as a specimen, to ear-mark, so to speak, the *crime*, for it is a crime the whole community are guilty of, the earnings of 1000 families, estimated at £781 14s. 7d. a-week, only yielded £4 3s. 6d. for the instruction of 1200 children; whilst the self-same place supported forty-four houses for the sale of intoxicating liquor, including three of bad repute—to so low a level of intellectual, of moral degradation has the mass of the people of this land fallen.

The actual state of suffering of the masses of this land is hardly imaginable. Listen to what Sir Geo. Grey tells us in answer to some remarks made by the advisers of the Crown, in reference to the state of our agricultural labourer:—"Now," he answers, "there is the clearest evidence to show, that the position of the labourer is, in some essential respects, worse than perhaps for centuries has been the case."—*Daily News*, Feb. 1869.

The crowded dwellings, unfit for dumb brutes, the poor take shelter in, in our great towns. "Swinish," to use the words of the medical report made to the privy council, "a mere pig sty" for the human race to perish in—or the wretched hovels of the agricultural labourer—the land-displaced, hard-working, well-meaning, impoverished man, of whom the self-same report says, "his existence implies, for the most part only, a longer or shorter circuit to eventual pauperism." I ask, is this state of things to continue? are wrong and suffering to be the characteristics of this land? the labouring classes, are they for ever to remain degraded paupers, a burden upon the state, from whose hand the choicest fruits are taken by the merciless exactions of the wealthier classes? Are the words of the humane Mr Thos. Hughes to remain uncontradicted by even a feeble effort, an attempt to ameliorate? "In no country on the face of the earth is there such awful poverty and destitution as in England, alongside of greater riches and luxury."

But I am being led off my ground. I take the side of the man of property, and would rather drown in one great deluge all the paupers than have my repose disturbed: it would be such a relief, save so much thought; but, unfortunately, this consum-

mation now cannot come to pass; so our ship has to carry explosive materials for its cargo, for it may just happen that these barrels of nitro-glycerine, of pent-up human suffering, may take to exploding and send us all into space, to care for ourselves as best we may; and that day, I contend, is not so far distant; come it must, unless we bestir ourselves. Is there no remedy, no help? Is this land, so poverty-stricken, that act as best we can, the means still lack us? That this is not the case, Mr Baxter tells us; our revenues are ample; the labouring classes earn on average £30, or a gross total of 300 millions annually; ample enough to support, educate, house, and feed the whole population. What becomes of this vast sum? The answer is soon given: it is dissipated by ignorance, ignorance generating vice, vice producing want, and want leading to a state of suffering that cannot long, cannot for ever endure; must terminate in national disaster, in a great social revolution.

The question is then—Is ignorance really at the bottom of all this terrible suffering and cruel waste of property? Are our criminals, or the majority of them ignorant, neglected children of poverty? To answer these questions, it may be as well to consult the tables of Mr Ranson, the secretary of the Statistical Society of London. He informs us that out of every 100 offenders in England and Wales, 35 per cent. can neither read nor write; 54 per cent. can only do so very imperfectly; 10 could read and write, and only 4 had received fair education. Again, take the Middlesex Sessions, January 1867: out of 105 prisoners committed for trial, all of whom, save 7, were convicted for felony, we find—38 could neither read nor write; 4 could only read; 60 could read and write very imperfectly; 1 could read and write; 2 had got superior education. But take the totals—the average commitments for more serious crimes are 140,000 a-year; of this number, 45,000 can neither read nor write; of the total number, 234 had been moderately well educated.

Do not these figures speak in volumes? Yes, ignorance creating crime; crime, want; want, intense suffering. But I will farther illustrate my case. The Lewisham and Croydon Unions, in the neighbourhood of London, levy a rate, and provide for 1000 destitute children of the twelve parishes that are comprised in the Union; out of this number 970 turn out well, 30 turn out badly; whilst, had they, these self-same children, been left to starve and grow up in vice uneducated, 900 ought, according to Commissioner Hill, to have gone to the criminal class; 100, peradventure, by the mere instinct of their better natures saved. What a lesson to learn! and yet, in face of these facts, with a cargo of nitro-glycerine, warmly bedded, beneath the planks of our quarter-deck, men and women dream on, until their day-dreams close in, in a perpetual night, and which catas-

trophe must come, sooner or later. The well-coopered casks will one day pour forth in flames their pent-up contents, and with a shriek, utter the protest of centuries against suffering of cruel wrong.

The next step for me to take, would be to render a comparative statement of crime in Prussia, United States, and the countries where the superior intelligence of the people has enabled them to grasp this question, and forestall crime by educating the poor. This I reserve however until I deal with the primary educational systems of the Continent. Suffice that the proportion of crime steadily decreases as ignorance is combated; this, the American thoroughly understands; and in the State of Pennsylvania, the State expends nearly one and a-half million sterling on the education of its people; to use the language of the leaders of the movement, "it pays; we have comparatively no criminals." In Switzerland, in Prussia, the same result. In the latter country, despite all the rigidity of their police codes, and aided by the presence of a public prosecutor, crime bears only in the inverse proportion to the superior state of the educational advance of the people, a proportion it angers me to compare with the terrible history presented by our criminal courts. In Ireland, where the education is far better attended to than in England, crime has diminished notably, and hopes are entertained that the jail deliveries may still farther decrease.

It is computed that 70 millions sterling are annually expended in fermented liquors and tobacco in England and Wales, the bulk being consumed by our labouring classes. With such a fund spent in luxuries, it is ridiculous to shrug the shoulders and plead the "want of means." The land abounds in means, but we want education, thorough systematic education, to utilize these. The great Elizabethan statute gives to each man and woman the right of asking for food and shelter; but that very privilege ought to be enjoyed only conditionally, that no man or woman should rear a child likely to become a burden to the State. The only safeguard against this ultimate pauperism is, that of raising the whole population to a higher intellectual level by education—state education—made compulsory. In how far this compulsory education may be possible in England, what can be advanced in its defence, or in opposition to the measure, I will endeavour to point out in my next chapter, in which I propose to treat on "Primary Education of the People."

NOTE.—The poor-rates average 6s per head on the total population; $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions paid for actual relief; $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions for administration. Total commitments, 335,000, including summary cases. Criminals committed for graver offences in England and Wales in 1868, 18,849—convicted, 14,254. For statistical data reference is made to the Government Reports and to the Annual Register.

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

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VESTA.

THE PURITY AND PRIESTHOOD OF WOMAN.

MONOTHEISM is especially masculine. It is so because it is unitary. Hence Judaism and the faith of Islam know nothing of female deities. They recognise only God the Father; and in perfect correspondence with this, exclude women from the sacerdotal functions. In direct opposition to this we have the Classic and Scandinavian polytheisms, with their goddesses in heaven and their priestesses upon earth. Now Christianity, although the product of a union between Hebraic and Hellenic elements—or, if the larger terms be preferred, of Semitic and Aryan influences—yet, as more especially an offshoot from the former, still excludes women from the priesthood. It does so in accordance with its Judaic traditions. There were no priestesses in the Temple, therefore there are none in the Church. Such has been the practical corollary evolved by the stern logic of events. But there are indications that this conclusion is not final. The Aryan woman feels that her exclusion is unjust. She is beginning to regard man's sole claim to the pastorate as a usurpation. And as Christianity now exists almost wholly on an Aryan area, there is no doubt that its doctrines will ultimately be modified by the spirit and its institutions conformed to the usages of this intellectual and chivalrous type of man.

To some extent this was effected in the middle ages under the Church of Rome. With a "Mother of God" and "Queen of Heaven" the Papal hierarchy indeed could scarcely exclude woman from every ecclesiastical position of trust and honour, so they encouraged her to become a nun, and even permitted her to exercise the functions of a Lady Abbess. But she could neither administer the Sacraments nor grant absolution. Thus her recognition was partial and formal, and she still remained in degrading exclusion from all the essential prerogatives of the priesthood. Protestantism, which involved among other things the denial of tradition and a return to the letter of Biblical authority, has confirmed and aggravated this exclusion of women from the discharge of all sacred functions—the cessation of the worship of the Virgin being very appropriately accompanied by the abrogation of enforced celibacy among the religious orders, and the consequent disappearance of monks and nuns, with their appropriate organisation, from the entire area of the Reformed churches. But a very grave question here arises, whether such a departure from the time-honoured usages of our race, involving as it does a violation both in form and spirit of all their profounder proclivities, and, we may add, most of their nobler aspirations,

can be permanent. The Aryans, let us remember, are by mental constitution worshippers of Nature, of whom woman is the organic symbol. This ineradicable tendency is as apparent in the Vedic hymns as in Grecian art or modern science, or, we may add, in the Vestal fires of Heathen or the Mariolatry of Papal Rome.

These matters go down to great depths, whereof ordinary writers on theology and ecclesiastics know nothing. We sometimes boast that in this age of science men are governed by facts in opposition to their preconceived ideas. But this is an affirmation that can only be accepted with considerable limitations. Whether in religion or philosophy, our leading minds are still for the most part *a priori* in their profounder habitudes of thought; that is, they reason with logical precision from premises which are often little better than baseless assumptions, and on the strength of what they consider first principles often manage to very conveniently ignore "derogatory instances." Thus it is that in learned prelections on doctrine or church government, we often find that the aptitude or inaptitude of the people who are to receive the one or be ruled by the other, is altogether omitted, as of no consequence in the estimation of the reverend speaker, who would doubtless regard any suggestion as to racial specialities as an impertinence. It is the same here. Whether women should or should not discharge sacerdotal duties under the Christian scheme, if debated at all, would doubtless be argued without the slightest reference to the particular requirements of a European population, and would in all probability be decided, not on its merits, but on the textual authority of a Semitic document, applied without the slightest misgiving to regulate the institutional development of an Aryan people!

We have been rather severe in the foregoing paragraph on theologians and ecclesiastical writers generally, but we would not be understood as expressing any exceptional disapproval of their usual procedure in settling this or any other disputed question. They are not in this one whit more irrational than most of our statesmen, legislators, and writers on Political Economy, who seem to think that humanity is in very truth but as clay in the hands of the potter, to be moulded at will to any pattern, by simply an adequate application of time and circumstance. And as to the special exclusion of woman from the priesthood, is it at all more unreasonable or more opposed to the testimony of the ages, than her exclusion from the practice of medicine? And yet have we not most of us heard some respectable practitioner clearly prove to his own satisfaction, if not to that of his auditors, that woman, from want of nerve, want of strength, and the utter absence of every other necessary prerequisite for the undertaking, was hopelessly disqualified even

for the medical specialities of her own sex, and must therefore in connection with the sick-room be permanently relegated, as at present, to the subordinate and almost servile position of nurse—the stubborn FACT that she was competent to these duties in earlier ages, and that she is still competent to them, in all extra Christian lands, being conveniently ignored by the self-deluded votary of masculine usurpation in matters essentially feminine!

But the worship of Vesta not only demanded the special ministrations of priestesses, but also insisted very emphatically on their *purity*. And it is worthy of observation that Papal, doubtless as a spiritual continuation of Heathen, Rome, also insisted on the stainless purity of her *Regina Cœli*, and has, even during the present generation, promulgated the stupendous dogma of “the immaculate conception”—a doctrine, however, involved from the first in her position as “the mother of God.” These matters also go down to far-reaching depths, whereof Protestant recusants, with their superficial and matter-of-fact profanities, never dream. Vesta was more immediately the Earth; more remotely, Nature; but, primarily, God, as the *Zeu Mater*, the divine or universal MOTHER, whereof we affirm in good Christian phraseology, “God is LOVE.” Now, then, perhaps we may begin to understand the necessity for purity in the selected ministrants at the altar of this, if we may without irreverence or impropriety so term it, the supreme attribute. And we may, perhaps, also understand why it was regarded as so all-important that the sacred fire should never die out, for it was the symbol of that love, which is the life of the universe.

We are now beginning to obtain a glimpse of the place of woman in the scale of being, what she is, and what she symbolises. Perhaps the reader also now begins to understand something of the humanitarian inspiration underlying the worship of the Virgin; she is adored as the impersonation and representative of the divine element in nature, while even our modern devotion to science is only another phase of the same worship, maintained without the intervention of a mediatorial incarnation. How the ages repeat themselves! With what pertinacity humanity clings to its traditions, and holds fast by its inspirations! Here is the Aryan, true to his Pantheistic proclivities, now, as of old, affirming the divinity of Nature, whom he regards not as the material instrument, but the celestial bride of her Creator, pervaded by whose spirit and suffused by whose glory she renews her youth and beauty with every spring, and shines refulgent in the matin splendour of each returning morn. And is not this, too, a phase of universal truth, deniable only under penalties? Look at the desolate area of the faith of Islam, whose rigidly monotheistic followers, without science, devoid of art, and incapable of progress, present a striking instance of the evil effects of a restricted worship of only the

masculine attributes. They are blasted as with the lightning, withered as with the breath of the simoom. They ignore the divinity of Nature, and so are very appropriately smitten with irremediable barrenness. While Christendom, which despite its powerful Hebraic inoculation, still remains faithful to its cardinal doctrine of the divine human, is the garden of the world and the hope of the nations.

But we must carry out the worship of Vesta to nobler issues and grander purposes than the men of old. Woman is not yet adequately sanctified and set apart as "the divine mother," the immaculate queen of heaven. On the contrary, she is but too often scandalously and impiously profaned, and so, alas! converted from a holy presence into a thing of infamy—and this, too, not without penalties to the perpetrators of such terrible sacrilege. But this must be amended. Every domestic hearth, whatever the rank of its possessor, from the prince to the peasant, is an altar to Vesta, whose gentle ministrants should be pure as those who tended the sacred fire in the holiest of the fanes of old.

And why should we regard this as a Utopian ideal? Is not Nature, as by a divine inspiration, ever striving after the pure and the beautiful? Look at the stainless stars that from age to age begem the ebon brow of night in their unwaning splendour. Can aught that is of the earth, earthy, dim their peerless brightness, or cast an unworthy shadow upon their heavenly glory? And look at their gentle counterparts, their fair yet evanescent reflection upon the sea of time, the many-tinted, sweet-scented flowers of spring. What vestal aspiration may be read in the lily and the rosebud, what maiden modesty in the daisy and the primrose. Who that has seen this sweet sisterhood glistening in the morning dew, and drank in their grateful perfume, the fragrant incense of Creation's matin sacrifice, mingled with the breezy breath of the blushing dawn, could doubt Nature's holy purpose to have her children PURE as well as *beautiful*? And what is the lesson of the newly fallen snow, whose dazzling whiteness, descending like a heavenly mantle upon our wintry fields, almost blinds us dwellers upon this dingy earth? And what says the rainbow, arching the blackness of the stormcloud with its resplendent hues of light and glory, stainlessly pure yet transcendently beautiful, prismatic tints direct from the palette of the divine artist? And such is woman, an "express image," that is, organic symbol of the goodness, meaning also beauty of the Creator. She is so on the same terms that man is an incarnation of the truth, meaning also the power of God. And shall we not then religiously revere her vestal purity, while worshipfully admiring her angelic beauty, as becomes those who believe in the divinity of her spiritual origin and the splendour of her eternal destiny?

THE IDEAL ATTAINED:

BEING THE STORY OF TWO STEADFAST SOULS, AND HOW THEY WON THEIR HAPPINESS
AND LOST IT NOT.

BY ELIZA W. FARNHAM,

AUTHOR OF "WOMAN AND HER ERA," "ELIZA WOODSON," ETC.



CHAPTER XLVII.

The day of sailing was set for Wednesday or Thursday of the following week—"which is more likely," said Eleanore, "remembering our old disappointments of this kind, to be at the least a whole week later." I went on board with her and the Marsdens, to see her room, which was small, certainly, and very plainly furnished, but well ventilated—the chief comfort one can expect in sea quarters. She had had to supply her berth and toilet furniture, linen, towels, &c., and the expense of these, beside replacing her wardrobe after the fire, and paying her passage, had reduced her slender funds materially. I proposed, while discussing these points, to lend her some money; but she would not hear of it, and almost grew indignant when I urged it.

"Am I not going to leave you alone here?" she asked, "and you are no more insured against calamity of loss or sickness than I am."

And when I, in turn, urged the possibility that she might need before she could get a position, she still refused, but so kindly and tenderly that I was compelled to abandon the argument—but not the purpose. I asked Mr Marsden to procure for me a fifty dollar coin, which I folded in a note and left in his wife's hands, to be put into one of her trunks on the last day.

Those two days with her were at once busy and idle—sad and happy. We could not see when or how we were to meet again; yet both, I think, held a sound faith in that event. I had to leave at four o'clock on Sunday evening, and we sent Phil to church with our host and hostess, and sat alone all that glorious autumn morning, talking and filling our souls with the tranquil beauty that steeped the city, the bay, and the country opposite.

"It is scarcely five months since we landed here," said I, "and yet how immense the visible change since that day. It makes us feel older to look back upon so crowded a record of past time; does it not?"

"Older in thought and experience," replied Eleanore; "but in all that regards the physical life I feel more youth in me than I have for years before. This peerless climate has such wealth for the needs of the body, I think one must continue for awhile to grow young in it."

"Yes, I believe that myself, for all that I see and hear of the experiences of others besides ourselves; yet I cannot say that I wish to live

here. I have lost with the years and their hopes, the relish of adventure; the recklessness and haste of this busy life jar upon me painfully, and when I am separated from you, I feel the lack of sustaining aid to rise above these frets."

"You will recover from this in a measure," she said, "after you become more accustomed to others, and turn more according to your old wont upon yourself. You have been a very self-sustaining woman, I think, Anna."

"Yes; but now I feel sometimes that I have *only* sustained myself, and that is, at best, but a negative work. You have opened my interior and perceptions to the charm and beauty of growth, and for that I seem to need help—such help as you have given me."

"In small and poor measure, I feel, dear friend. I have been scarcely conscious of any such relation to you during our acquaintance, and if it is not an affectionate imagination of yours, I ought to be happy in the thought. But for yourself, believe me and take courage, you do not need the help you crave. With all your health of soul and body, with a clear perception of the 'main purport and significance of life,' you will not miss it. And then, too, a soul that is thoroughly known to us is ours, whether near or distant. It is riches, help, and strength; and this wealth, if we aspire to true aims, goes on accumulating for us through all the years of our toil. If we have found any inmost need of ours answered in another spirit, there is an inalienable treasure added to us, and I think it even matters little to our best life, in this high relation, whether death has come between us or not. If I were going to the kingdom of the departed next week, instead of another country here should I be lost to you? If in this life I have been helpful, I could never be otherwise in another. I believe it is an eternal law of true relations, such as ours. The dead live to all spiritual natures when their names are forgotten—for, as Carlyle grandly says, 'It is a high, solemn, and almost awful thought to every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has had a beginning, shall never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end.' If I live hereafter, and I can only live by being wholly and entirely myself, with all my affections, hopes, and interests, however they may be modified by a change of sphere, I should certainly be in some possible relation to you or any other friend whom I love. I cannot conceive of launching off into the future world, and severing myself, from all the interests and persons I have cherished and known here. It would be impossible to do this and preserve my identity. But if I lose that I lose my immortality. It must be another being, and not I, who does not love those whom I have loved. So the divine trusts, purposes, and affections I have

entertained here, must go with me and constitute a part of myself there, or the immortality would be a beggarly, naked gift, unworthy of God to bestow, or any developed human soul to receive."

"But what then," I asked, "of the undeveloped and depraved, who could carry no such divine consciousness with them?"

"What of them, dear? The same sad mournful case that we see here—aggravated by the loss of all that they have called pleasure or happiness on earth. Conceive the sensualist, the miser, the man of external ambition, the pleasure-seeker in any direction, the being of any sort whose highest good has been material, turned adrift from the body through whose senses he has enjoyed this good, cut off from passion, from the power of external achievement, from the animal appetites, whose gratification he has lived to cultivate: no more lust, no more conquest, no more gain, no more idle pomp or display possible to him, and unfitted for anything but these. Can you imagine a keener hell than such a spirit must find itself in until it is developed and educated to a better condition? The inexorable fact of identity is, I believe, the most fearful penalty of such a life—a penalty which God himself cannot avert from it, unless he would break the law of cause and consequence, which is the central and pervading truth of the universe."

"Then bad or subversive relations between this life and the future, may and must be perpetuated as well as good and helpful ones."

"Undoubtedly they may and are. Only bear in mind that everywhere in the dear Father's creation, the dominant tendencies are to good. Good expands and wars with evil all over the earth; first to contract and imprison, and finally to destroy it. Among the humane peoples this is the battle of every day and year; and the victory, in the long run, is never doubtful. We know in the morning what banner shall wave over the field finally—if not on the first night, then on some other that will come after. And if this be the law of this sphere—the lowest that we know—can we conceive of its being reversed in the higher ones? Good and bad men strive together here to accomplish their opposing purposes, and I have no doubt the same conditions pass over to the spirit life; but in the end the good unquestionably triumph there as here."

"If this comfortable view be the true one," said I, "it would help many millions of unhappy souls to receive it. What light it would throw on hidden and unaccountable tendencies which we find in the hearts of men!"

"You can scarcely, I think, over-estimate its value to our human life," replied Eleanor; "and its clear and unmistakable coming in these years, proves another sublime and uplifting truth—the fitness of progressed souls to receive it. We are justly proud of our discoveries

up to this time, of our inventions and the emancipation they are effecting ; of our active humanities, which are reaching to embrace all nations ; of our expansive energies, which are searching out and reclaiming the uttermost lands ; of our fearless analysis and keen inquiry, which are levelling the barriers that bigotry, prejudice, and even science herself has reared in the ages that are gone, and making one the hitherto divided territories of our thought and knowledge ; but all these seem to me only the fitting and beautiful foundation on which this crowning truth shall plant itself between the earth and heaven. Do you find anything herein," she asked, " which your faith and reason reject ?"

" I am in conflict, Eleanore, with respect to these very things. There is a strong conservative vein in me, with a passable capacity for progress too, I believe. The new appeals to my interest, but I do not readily turn away from the old, wherein my hopes and trusts have been garnered."

" Nor need you, dear, in this case. Here is no dogma which conflicts with one you have before received. Here is no arbitrary assertion, contradicting another arbitrary assertion which you have before trusted. It is philosophy and religion wedded, which have before been blindly and bitterly divorced. It is love translated by wisdom—light falling from higher and purer eyes than ours, upon the clouded fields of life—bloom and radiance descending into dark and rugged vales of fruitless belief, faith stealing noiselessly into the infidel soul. O Anna, I feel inspired at times with all sorts of courage to carry this light to the souls of men and women. I suppose I should once, with this zeal, have made a missionary, and gone off to some remote, benighted people, to teach them the little I knew ; but now I long more earnestly to bring to developed minds the truth they are prepared to receive. You do not think me straying, I hope, from the quiet paths wherein I have won your confidence."

" No, dear Eleanore, for you have said much of this before, and by your expressed thought, sent me a long way toward these conclusions myself. But am I to infer that you accept in their length and breadth the views of which these seem to be a part ? Would you be willing to be called a Spiritualist ?"

" I should be willing to be called by any name that would truly express my belief, and by none more willingly than one which should convey to myself and others the assurance that I had sought and received the highest and clearest light that has come to us on the grand question of the Future. I accept the alleged phenomena, so far as I am acquainted with them, as altogether in harmony with what I believe of human capacity and spiritual power. But if I rightly apprehend their

bearing, the most they can do for me, is to confirm and clear foregone conclusions."

"Then you do not think them of such vast importance as most persons do who give any heed to them?"

"I believe they may import much to our religious life. What could fail to do so that should be *proved* to be absolute truth, bearing upon it so directly and powerfully? But I think also that in a few years their occurrence or non-occurrence will be matter of far less consideration than it is at present. For there will then have been developed the truths of which they are, at most, but the sign or vehicle, and having brought us those, they will sink into comparative insignificance. It is the fate of the phenomenal portions of all mixed subjects of our investigation. The history of one is that of all; for material phenomena, however they may differ in other bearings, have always the common office of developing laws to man. There is always a period of war before the laws are fully demonstrated; but when that is done, the facts which before centred all attention and provoked all bitterness, are quite lost sight of by advanced minds. If you want an instance, think of the excitement which attended Spurzheim's progress in this country, and Gall and Mesmer's in Europe. Yet now all intelligent persons accept the laws of phrenology and of animal magnetism, and you could scarcely detain an enlightened audience while you should demonstrate the one or the other by the most startling facts. And so be sure, dear Anna, all these wonders that we hear of, and which now fill the broad foreground of this subject, will retire as the thought they appeal to is more and more developed, and after a time we shall scarcely hear mention of them among intelligent persons, while the ideas which are their flower and fruit, will carry sweetness and nurture to all quick and hungering souls. And as more exalted souls among us place themselves in harmony with conditions which we shall understand better with the lapse of years, higher teachings will come. The ascending planes of reason and feeling will widen and brighten before our vision, and we shall receive of those uplifting and refining influences, what our imaginations scarcely shadow forth now. Oh, I behold majestic continents and blooming islands in that Future to which I look for humanity; fresh kingdoms of thought; mountain chains of rugged purpose; and aspirations which shall rise above our present conceptions as those pure white clouds yonder float above the reek and impurities engendered by the change and decay that are going on below them. Do not tell me, dear friend, that I am fanatical or extravagant. I feel this as clearly as I feel a Future beyond to-day. It has been the hope and the faith of souls rising heavenward, ever since Ideas and Facts accumulated into the aggregate Learning, whose mys-

terious touch unlocked and expanded the inner life of Magi and Seer, and warmed the far-reaching ambition of the early man of science. The atheistic Savan is the product of our late day of material investigation. His period will be short—for materialism will be more readily displaced from the mind instructed in the works of God, than from one chained by the dogmas of Theology. But I see I am tiring you, and our talk has outrun the preacher's—for there come the people from church."

At that moment Phil, who had been picked up below by Antonio, came rushing into the room with a boisterous joy, and so ended our last serious and elevated conversation, till we should meet again.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THERE was yet dinner, and about three hours' time before I had to make ready for starting; but the one was over, with pleasant chat, cordial invitations, and some awkward attempts at joking on the desolation to which I was about to be left; and at last the hours were also gone, and, satchel in hand, I went, with heavy steps and a heavier heart, down stairs, where Mr Marsden stood awaiting me.

As we turned into Kearney Street, I caught her parting signal. "And that," I said, sadly, "is the last I shall see of her—forever, perhaps."

But my faith and the remembrance of hers rebuked my doubting heart. I put a few dollars into Mr Marsden's hand, with special instructions how to spend it in presents for Phil and comforts for their voyage; and when we reached the boat, I went by myself, and sat down to indulge my feelings. My utmost faith did not promise me another such soul. I had lived forty years to find one, and I could not hope that the future would be richer than the past. On the contrary, I saw its poverty more plainly, as the bitterest fast is that which follows feasting.

How weary and dull was the passage home—the sleepless night—the arrival and the opening of school next morning. I seemed then to be working merely to live. All through the day I could not raise a hope that overleapt the visible and near boundaries of my being. I had parted with so much, that there seemed nothing worth considering left. The people about me, at other times tolerable or even pleasing for an hour, were now intolerable. I was like a despairing lover, and I thought at night, as I walked about my small room, how much strong life must be required in the soul of man or woman, to come out of such a conflict victor. I thought of Col. Anderson, and this thought gave me a feeling of relief, for I could sit down and write to him, and pour myself freely out, without dread of being thought absurd or foolish.

I told him all that had passed; how Phil inquired for him, and in what an awful tone I had been prohibited from naming the person who could bring "Turnel" to him; how Eleanore had commanded me to send him the letter I inclosed; and last, how I lamented the loss of such a guiding, luminous soul, and felt in my heart I must follow her when reason and duty would suffer me.

Though, according to my promise, I could not send this letter for several days, the writing was good for me. I slept better for it, and woke in the morning to find in myself more resistance and courage than the evening had promised. I began to think of her letters, though it would be long before one could come, and even—so elastic is the struggling soul—to turn at moments to that hope of meeting we had both talked so confidently of realising.

But I shall not hinder you with myself and my petty affairs, for the two and a-half months that intervened till I heard from her. When the great, generous letter came, I felt *almost* as if she were herself there, speaking to me—it was so like her. She began with:—

"Dates are my abhorrence, you know, Anna, and you are not to expect another through this whole journey, unless I should be happily inspired with one some day on sitting down to write. This is our fifth day out. It was very rough the first two, and poor Phil and I suffered. We missed our old shipmates and attendants sadly. There is no Ching or Antonio here. By the way, I must tell you that poor Antonio, when we came away, actually broke down to tears, and drew some from me, too. He has been so unfailing in his kindness and service, and so entirely modest—claiming nothing but the privilege of being useful—that I was moved at parting from him, and at his distress in separating from Phil. He declared he would have come with us, if only he had known it early enough to have asked the Colonel! What did this mean? I was very glad, then, that I had avoided saying anything to him, or in his presence, about going, till the day before we sailed. When he left the ship, he told Phil he would come to Valparaiso and see him, by-and-by; and I should not at all wonder at his finding us there some day—sailors wander about so, you know. There are but two persons on this side of the continent whom I should be more grateful to see in a land of strangers.

"But I was telling you the first days were very rough. And how miserable we all were! Next to my room, on the same side, are a merchant and his wife from Valparaiso, Mr and Mrs Rowe; Maine people, but long residents of Chili. Mr Rowe is a silent, dignified man, with a touch of pomposity in his manners, and a refined and most vigilant courtesy. He is fifty, I should say, and at least fifteen years older than his wife, whom he loves and watches as I do Phil. She is a woman with a naturally noble heart, I am sure. It is declared in her countenance and bearing. She is bright and clever, as Yankee women are apt to be, but much above the *smart* level they are so proud

of. She has the repose and polish of a well-bred woman, with something more than average culture in certain directions. On her bookshelves, of which she offered me the freedom yesterday, I found a few volumes of choice old and modern literature; books in which style goes before purpose, and elegance is perhaps a little more earnestly courted than truth: but not one of the characterising books of this generation, except Currer Bell's novels—none of the progressive poets—no new philosophy of life or nature—none of the master-thinkers.

"But she was reading 'Jane Eyre,' and her husband, she said, was trying to interest himself (think of that) in Shirley! You will see now how stately and courteous we shall be—how we shall discuss books and men, much, I fancy, as people inspect anatomical museums: admiring the polish, order, and arrangement, but finding no *heart*.

"There is one other lady, but I have only had a passing sight of her, going, with the help of a gentleman, to her room. From the finical, elaborate external I then beheld—fluttering head-gear, ornate dressing-gown and wide laces—I do not look for much internal life. But I may be disappointed. Sensible and genuine women do sometimes go fearfully in debt to such accessories—I wonder with what result, on the whole, to themselves and beholders.

"There are but two other passengers—both Spanish gentlemen—Senor Pedrillo and Don Rafael, I hear them called. I have scarcely seen them, except to distinguish the portly, middle-aged Senor, from the handsome, melancholy young Don. You shall have them another day. Phil wishes he could see Miss Warren to-night; so do I.

"—— That mark, Anna, indicates that this writing is on another day—next days, as Phil says; all days after any certain one that he remembers, are next days, you know, to him. Well, this next day is rainy and windy, so you must patiently decipher what follows, and distribute the extra strokes of the w's, m's, n's, and u's, as best you can. The ship and sea are both in such an unfriendly mood, that I do not know if I should write at all, but that I love a victory, and there being no larger one possible, I accept this.

"Our Don Rafael is a Troubadour, misplaced by about four centuries. Oh, that you could hear his guitar, when the evenings are still, and his tender voice—it is really a very sweet, though rather a wailing tenor—singing of love and heroism! He has abundant raven curls, a clear olive colour, an exquisite moustache, and a most patrician foot and hand. Don Rafael, I think, must take high rank among Castilian beaux, but as he speaks very little English, and I no Spanish, we are not likely, I fear, to furnish each other very correct data for nice judgment in these matters. He is punctilious in all manner of politeness to Mrs Brent—her, to wit, of the elaborate toilet, whose husband's partner he is. He elevates courtesy toward her into an art, and devotes himself heroically to its cultivation. At table, on deck, in the cabin, at the door of her state-room, with solemn face and grave gesture, he informs her, 'Madam, I am your servant; honour me with your commands.' And you will see the courage with which this is done, when I tell you that she sits down in the cabin, arrayed in

brocade and diamonds, awaiting dinner, and actually horrifies our little convention there, by cleaning her nails! You think now it is sweetly done with a little gem of a knife, which she twirls so deftly in her jewelled fingers, that we have to guess at what she is really doing; and you are, perhaps, impatient with me for noting so trifling and pardonable an impropriety. No such thing, dear Anna. She draws from her pocket a bowie-knife, with a spring in the back; presses it till the blade flies open, and then she has in her hand a weapon, at the very least six inches long. With this elegant instrument she proceeds to the duties in which Lord Chesterfield instructed his son so carefully, and generally prolongs their performance till dinner is placed on the table. But Don Rafael would go overboard, I think, before he would let those thunderous eyes of his (did you ever hear of such eyes?) emit a ray of surprise or wonder. Don Rafael faces the bowie-knife, when seats are to be taken, and solemnly offers his arm for the step between her and her place, with a true air which says, 'I suffer no thought, still less comment.' I admire this in him very much.

"You may say it is suggestive of that old story of Cervantes', who put heroism and gallantry on horseback, and carried them to the wars, to prove themselves against the world; but I like it. One so seldom sees among us this sort of social courage. What young American exquisite could bring himself to such thorough and sustained politeness to a vulgar woman? If he were constrained to it by her fortune or position, he would protest by looks, shrugs, or gestures, to all beholders, that he understood and scorned it as much as they could. Be sure Don Quixotte was a representative man.

GRIEF-WEALTH.

I'LL take no exchange for my sorrow—
 Not if Fortune should empty her horn;
 Although our bright bud of to-morrow,
 Withering, hath left us forlorn
 Of the mystical beauty of gloaming, the glamour and music of morn.
 Though the storm that hath scattered the vision—
 The hopes that are holy and sweet—
 Still hurls it with howls of derision
 Into hideous forms at our feet, [meet:
 Like the surf of a storm-driven sea where the rocks and the vexed waters
 Learn, fool, by thy gladness to measure
 The rage of the tempest that lowers!
 Oh, what a summer of pleasure
 Was that brief summer of ours!
 Must ever the foot of the slayer trample the fairest of flowers?
 Whence this wild yearning spirit?
 This wringing of hands and loud prayer?

Something the soul must inherit
 To fill the dark void that is there!
 Something! Infinite, yield us, better than pain and despair!
 Because of the thirst and the fever,
 Because of the famine and dearth,
 And the dreary shortcomings, forever
 Cheating the soul from its birth—
 One sorrow undying is dearer than aught we have found upon earth.

Cling, ye who have loved, to your sorrow,
 Though shadowing all things with woe!
 'Tis the light of the past and the morrow:
 By the gloom of the present we know
 The joy of the season of breaking of ice and of melting of snow.
 Sydney, Australia. J. LE GAY BRERETON.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

FACTS IN CLAIRVOYANCE.

By W. ANDERSON.

THAT "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy," no one ever thinks of denying as an abstract proposition; but nothing is more common than to disbelieve it in practice. How often do we as mesmerists or spiritualists hear the word "impossible" pronounced! If Young's couplet be correct—

"Impossible is nowhere to be found,
 Except, perhaps, in the fool's calendar"—

then assuredly the number which may be classed under this head is somewhat discouraging.

Clairvoyance has been a great bugbear to the scientific world, more especially the medical section. Who has not laughed at the conclave of philosophers trying to solve the problem of their facetious sovereign—Why a globe full of water did not run over when a live fish was put in it? They argued a long time before it seemed to strike them to try the experiment, or ascertain accurately if it was a fact. Much in the same way have our modern *savans* dealt with the subject of clairvoyance, and psychological phenomena generally. They have spent as much time proving the thing to be impossible, writing the most bitter invective and the keenest sarcasm they could command, as would have amply sufficed to put the subject to the test. They do not appear to be philosophical enough to know that *ex cathedra* denunciation proves nothing—except, perhaps, their own ignorance. They would do well to ponder the following words of Chalmers—"It is a very obvious principle, although often forgotten in the pride of prejudice and of controversy, that what has been seen by one pair of human eyes, is of force to countervail all that

has been reasoned or guessed at by a thousand human understandings." There can be no excuse for omitting personal investigation on the subject of clairvoyance. The materials are always at hand. It certainly requires in many cases some patience and care, but nothing to deter any one with the pretensions to a philosopher or man of science. For medical men especially there can be no excuse, as they have opportunities for experiments of this kind possessed by no other class. I shall now proceed to give an account of several cases of clairvoyance that have come under my observation while experimenting in mesmerism.

My first experiment in clairvoyance, though now some years ago, is as vividly before my mind as if it had been yesterday. I had mesmerised a young girl, eleven or twelve years of age, on account of a slight cold, when she very soon went asleep. She had frequently been mesmerised before that time, and given some evidence of being clairvoyant. Seeing her asleep, I thought it was a good opportunity of personally testing the truth of clairvoyance. Among various questions, I asked if she could see a lady friend of mine who lived about three miles away, and whom I had been mesmerising for what I thought was dyspepsia. She said she would try; so I took her hand in mine, and went mentally to the residence of my friend. I then asked if she saw her, and she replied she did, and described her to me. Telling her to make a close examination, and inform me if she saw anything wrong, I allowed her to sit quietly for a few minutes. She now commenced and gave a description of the symptoms under which the lady laboured, and went on to describe an internal tumour, which had been the principal cause of the symptoms. By questioning, I found that the tumour was intra-uterine. Her language, though not technical, was sufficiently clear for any one slightly acquainted with the anatomy of the body. So far as the symptoms were concerned, I knew she was correct, but I had no knowledge as to the tumour. The next time I saw the lady examined, I mentioned the experiment I had been trying, and the result, omitting any reference to the tumour. Asking earnestly if what I said was all that the clairvoyant had told me, she perceived I had some hesitation in answering, and divining the reason, I suppose, she asked pointedly if nothing had been said about a tumour, or anything of that sort. I then told her as gently as I could what the clairvoyant had said on that point, when she owned that it was quite correct, and that several eminent medical men who had examined the case came to the same conclusion.

At the same sitting, still further to test the matter, I asked her if she could see the lady to whom I had been writing that afternoon. She said she would try.—I may explain, that I did not know the locality where the lady lived, further than the name of the village, which was about six miles away; and as I had only posted the letter that afternoon, it could not, from the nature of the place, have reached her when I was experimenting.—Being unable to go mentally to the residence of the lady, I was afraid I should not succeed; but in a minute or so, she said she had found her out. I asked her to describe her, which she did accurately, and that she was then suffering from a cold. She also de-

scribed an old lady in the same house, mentioning particulars about her manner of which I had no distinct recollection, but which I afterwards found were correct. A call from my friend about a week afterwards confirmed what had been said as to her health at the examination.

I also asked various questions as to my own health, and got satisfactory answers. Having in my pocket a small metallic box containing printers' type, I inquired if she could see what was in the box, but she could not make out what they were, having never seen a type before. Had she been reading my thoughts, or influenced by my mind, she would have known, I think, as I was perfectly well acquainted with the contents of the box. I have used the same girl many times since then as a medical clairvoyant, and generally with the greatest satisfaction.

I had some very interesting experiments with another young girl, about sixteen, but who was not so reliable as the above, her lucidity varying considerably at different times. She was exceedingly vivacious while asleep, and it was with difficulty we could get her to settle down to any serious investigations. She was a beautiful phreno-mesmeric subject. She could tell everything that was going on in the different rooms of the house, with the greatest precision. I bandaged her eyes with several plies of a handkerchief, and opening a book at random, asked her to read, which she did with about as much facility as in her waking state. This I repeated several times, with the same result. I was greatly perplexed one night, in connection with these reading experiments. I had mentioned to her that a gentleman was willing to give a five-pound note if she could tell the number of it in an envelope; but I declined the offer, as I had done offers of the same kind on previous occasions. A few nights afterwards, for my own satisfaction, I placed a bank-note, of which I did not know the number, in a large envelope, so that the note was not folded. After putting her asleep, and getting her to read from an ordinary book, with her eyes bandaged, I produced the envelope, and requested to be told the number and name of the bank, at the same time informing her, that she might not get agitated, that she would not get the money whether she read it correctly or not, as it was a personal experiment. However, she went altogether wrong. The name she could not make out at all, and the figures she gave were incorrect. On telling her that she was mistaken, she tried again, but was still as far from the truth. I then took it out of the envelope, and put it in her hand, but with no better result.

The best instance of her clairvoyant power was given one night that a mutual acquaintance mesmerised her, who seemed to have more power over her than I had. He had foolishly made a bet with a friend during the day, that he would inform him next day what he was doing at a certain hour that night. He asked the gentleman to write his name and put it in an envelope, which he might give her as a clue. On putting her asleep, and giving her the envelope, she soon found the gentleman out, although he lived about half-a-mile away. He had remembered the challenge, and at the appointed time was doing all sorts of unlikely things, such as partly undressing and hopping about his room on one leg, putting a photograph beneath the table-cover, smoking, and such like. His mother coming into his room, he said to

her that "he would dodge Moffat and his clairvoyant." All these things were carefully noted down by my friend as the clairvoyant mentioned them; and calling on the gentleman next day, he astonished him by detailing his antics, and the very words he had uttered to his mother, all of which were found exactly to tally.

An elderly lady whom I mesmerised several times, having shown signs of being clairvoyant, I tried to get her to read a book while it was closed, her eyelids being firmly compressed, but she said she would not do it at that time. I opened the book and asked her to read the title, but she said she was too tired, and could not do it then. As I would not have an opportunity for some time again, I persisted, but she firmly refused. Opening up the volume at the frontispiece, I asked her to tell me the subject of it. With an air of reluctance, she stretched out her arm, and passed her fingers over the surface of the print, her eyes being firmly closed, and her head turned away from the book. After examining the plate as a blind person would have done an embossed surface, she described it accurately. I next turned to a plate in the centre of the book, which she also described by merely passing her fingers over it. She had never seen the book while awake, and the plates were entirely new to her.

These must suffice for the present. They are among the simplest forms of clairvoyance, and in a future number I shall probably relate a few extraordinary cases. It is a subject full of practical interest, but in the meantime I refrain from making any comments, or advancing any theories, and close with the following somewhat appropriate quotation from Sir William Hamilton's "Discussions on Philosophy":—"As Hobbes has well observed: were it for the profit of a governing body, that the three angles of a triangle should not be equal to two right angles, the doctrine that they were would, by that body, inevitably be denounced as false and pernicious. The most curious examples of this truth are to be found in the history of medicine. For this, on the one hand, is nothing less than a *history of variations*; and on the other, only a still more marvellous history of how every successive variation has, by medical bodies, been first furiously denounced and then bigotedly adopted."

THE SPIRIT VOICES.

It is with much pleasure that I testify as to the phenomenon of the spirit voice, experienced through the mediumship of Mrs Everitt at their circle at 26 Penton Street, Islington. On the occasion to which I refer, I was accompanied by Mrs Burns, and about nine ladies and gentlemen composed the circle. During the dark seance the fire is obscured by a sheet of zinc which fits the fire-place, with the exception of some slits at the bottom for the admission of air. Mrs Everitt sat close up to the table with her back to the fire. Mrs Burns sat on her right, and I on her left. I was appointed to hold the tube, which I at first did horizontally at right angles to the line between the medium and myself. Mrs Everitt was not entranced. The spirit voices of "John Watt" and "Tom" were then heard, and a conversation ensued between the two. I then moved the tube in other directions, which of course no

one knew, but this did not interfere with the manifestation of the voices. I then put the palms of my hands over the ends of the tube and held it in all positions I could think of, yet the voice continued, notwithstanding the changes in respect to the tube. While Mrs Everitt would be leaning quite near to Mrs Burns's face, "John Watt" would be speaking close to mine, so that I might almost fancy the breath of the speaker was felt. Mrs Burns was conscious of the presence of another spirit standing between herself and Mrs Everitt. She looked in the direction of the fire-place and could see the spirit form moving between her and the slits in the sheet of zinc through which some light shone. We had a long conversation with the voices, not only in one tone, or from one direction, but in quite a variety of positions and pitches as regards nearness to the medium. The relative position of Mrs Everitt to Mrs Burns and myself, rendered it impossible that she could thus use her voice or move her body without our being aware. On both my visits to this circle, I have seen in broad light a chair move towards the table without any one touching it. On the evening I refer to above, the chair stood in an angle opposite the corner of the table which projected slightly between Mrs Everitt and myself. The chair suddenly moved with considerable velocity and force, the distance of about two feet, and was intercepted by my leg. The motion of the chair then was neither towards the medium, nor from her, but rather from behind and forward. Nor was she aware that the phenomenon was about to occur, till she was nervously startled by the sudden jerk it gave.

J. BURNS.

A SINGULAR CASE OF FASTING.

BY J. BURNS.

Soon after my arrival in Wales, I became aware of the "Strange story from Carmarthenshire," from a paragraph in the *Cambria Daily Leader*, of Feb. 24, 1869; and I resolved on making an investigation of the case as soon as my engagements would permit. Accordingly, when I reached Carmarthen, I first put myself in communication with the Rev. E. Jones, Vicar of Llanfihangel-ar-Arth, in whose parish the farm of Lletherneuadd is situated, and where the girl, Sarah Jacobs, lives with her parents, who are farmers. To my request to be permitted to examine the case in company with him, I received a very courteous reply, stating that he would meet me at the farm, on the morning of Wednesday, March 10. I took the rail to Pencader, and reached the farm after a walk of two miles farther. I found the girl, Sarah Jacobs, lying on her back in bed, in the bed-room which her parents occupy. The bed was covered over with books and pamphlets. I was much struck with the intelligent and pleasing aspect of her countenance. The face is round, the features small, sharp, and regular; the eyes are particularly brilliant and intelligent looking, and of a dark brown colour. The brow is smooth and rounded, indicating large form, individuality, eventuality, and comparison; but the side organs are also full, which gives the forehead more of a broad than sharp appearance. After a few preliminary questions, I proceeded to make an

examination of her head. As near as I could measure, it is twenty and a half inches in circumference, it is remarkably harmonious in all regions, with few exceptions. These are the organs of self-esteem and firmness. The organs are sharp in development, indicating much mental susceptibility and cerebral activity. The social and domestic propensities are full and harmonious; she is energetic and courageous in disposition; frank and candid, yet manifesting considerable discretion and reserve. Cautiousness is large, as also approbateness; and the moral group is quite full, with the exception of veneration, which is a degree smaller than the others. Tune, constructiveness, and ideality are all large; and the type of head belongs to the literary and artistic class. Imitation is also large, especially where it joins with ideality, hence she has an intuitional tendency of mind, and is capable of being impressed with poetical ideas, spiritual thoughts, and premonitions. The organs in the forehead are all full or large, with the exception of those at the corner of the brow, from weight outwards.

In length she measures about 4 feet 8 inches. She has not the power of moving her body. The left side is quite paralysed, but she can use the right hand a little, the skin of which is red, as if the blood were congested in the capillaries, as one's hand is when exposed to the cold. It felt cold and clammy, but readily increased in temperature by being held in my warm hands. Though the muscles are much shrunk and flaccid to the touch, yet she does not present an emaciated appearance. I could perceive no arterial action in the wrists, with the exception of a slight nervous flutter; but, in the temples, there was more to be perceived. On a subsequent visit the pulse was distinct and regular, but not strong; more vital heat was also apparent. Her face looks full and even healthy, and there is occasionally considerable flush on her cheeks. The skin of the face feels rather hard and flinty to the touch. Her temples are warm, as well as the other parts of her head. The brain seems to be quite active and under her control. She has fits several times a day, each lasting from three to four minutes. I saw her in one, she was apparently unconscious; her eyes were nearly shut, a slight nervous tremor was visible in the head, and she breathed heavily. The eyes gradually opened and she looked up suddenly and stretched the muscles of her face as if waking from sleep. When in her normal state again her cheeks were more flushed than before.

I had heard some rumours of the history of the case—namely, that she had existed without food or drink for a great length of time; but, after examining her, I made a series of inquiries, which Mr Jones kindly repeated to the parents in Welsh, as the family do not speak English. She will be 12 years old in a few weeks. About the middle of February 1867, she was seized with violent fits, from which she partially recovered. About six weeks later she had a continuous fit, during which she did not eat anything, but lay in a dozing unconscious state. About the end of April she called for milk and took food for about two months, when she began to eat less and less, and only took a little cooked apple for a month or two. During the last seventeen months her parents declare she has not eaten anything at all. She does not even desire drink; her lips had been wetted with a drop of water that

morning, the first time since the previous Monday week. No evacuations from the body are noticed; but it becomes a question whether a little water is not perceptible sometimes. Contrary to expectation the abdomen is not in a collapsed state, it is quite full, and has the appearance of that of a person in health; sometimes it is distended beyond normal proportions. There seems to be a continual action of gases in the bowels and much flatus is voided during sleep. I was informed she was rather improved in health during the last few days; she sleeps better, and sometimes is even moved a little on one side in the morning, and her helpless limbs are slightly altered in position during sleep. She generally sleeps from about twelve at midnight until about four in the morning. Since she was taken ill, she has improved her mind very much; she reads a great deal, and enjoys the company of those who come to entertain her mentally. She has composed some verses of which she repeated a specimen, but as they were in Welsh, I can give no opinion of their merits. Her voice is rather high-keyed, sharp, and hurried. The question now arises—Does she positively live without food, and if so, by what means is the life sustained? I can neither affirm nor deny the statement that she has not taken food during the last eighteen months. I only have the testimony of the parents which I can neither support nor deny. The father, however, declares that he is quite ready to allow any person or persons to live in the family and watch the case continually for any length of time. This is a matter which should not be neglected; it would afford great satisfaction to the public, as well as to the parents, that is, supposing their statement to be true. Such a committee watched Elizabeth Squirrel, whose case, in some respects, was even more remarkable than the one under notice. If it be proved that she does live without food—How is life maintained? It is evident that the nutritive forces of her system are almost at a minimum, the physical functions are almost nil, but she manifests considerable mental activity. She has acquired the accomplishment of reading English, though she does not understand the language; and she reads Welsh considerably, and talks, and composes verses in it. Yet any powerful excitement, such as the sudden barking of a dog, will at once throw her into a fit. Such a case powerfully impresses the mind that the phenomena of life, the *modus operandi* of existence, are not at all comprehended or explained by the science of the day. It may be that the atmosphere plays an important part in sustaining life in her case as it does in that of every living creature, and that in a way not at present thought of. The atmospheric air contains in solution, or in another form, nearly all the elements of organic bodies, and it is through the correlations established by vegetable growth that mankind already feed upon air and light in a solid state. May it not be possible that the human organism derives much more nutrition from the air than has been supposed, and that under certain negative states of the body these atmospheric elements are assimilated or correlated more readily by the physical system? Another probability respecting her sustenance, is, that she draws or derives vitality from those around her. I learn that during the earlier part of her illness she was more specially attracted to some, while others were repelled by her, and I feel sure

that her magnetic preditions are greater than has been observed by those around her. I feel convinced, that she has the power of imbibing vital magnetism from the various organisms that come in contact with her. I have seen this effected repeatedly, both by accident and by design, on the part of nurses and relatives, who wished to sustain the low vitality of their patients. One fact tends to confirm this supposition. I was informed that a younger sister, a fair haired, warm-blooded, full bodied, little girl, had been sleeping with Sarah recently, who had improved in health of late. This leads us to the means whereby she may be restored to health, viz.: vital magnetism supplied by the laying on of hands and making passes down the body. I would recommend that a person of suitable bodily condition and temperament place his hands lightly on her chest, shoulders, hips, knees, and feet at different times, concentrating his will in the act, so as to bring himself in sympathy with her state, and entertain the desire that he might be able to infuse benefit into her system. Then she might be subjected to mesmeric passes which would circulate the vital principle throughout the body, and bring into harmonious action that flow of nerve aura which at present is almost entirely suspended in all parts of the body excepting the brain. These operations, however, should be conducted carefully, and under the superintendence of some responsible person. Nothing would do her greater injury than to be subjected to any influence or magnetic operations unsuitable to her case. As she progresses towards recovery, she might be exercised by gently manipulating and rubbing the muscular surfaces of the body. In fact, such treatment might be instituted at once, as by it, vital magnetism could be infused into the body.

Some newspaper writers have been very unkind in their expressions towards the Rev. E. Jones, Vicar of the parish, charging him with credulity and mental imbecility. This is entirely gratuitous: he is a man of the opposite type entirely. I had the pleasure of examining his head. He is a man of facts, and had great difficulty in accepting phrenology, till he saw it put into operation in his own case. His head is about $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches in circumference. The intellect is very fully represented, especially the perceptive. The side organs are rather weak, so that he is devoid of extravagant imagination and wild enthusiasm. Veneration, firmness, and benevolence are very full, as also the domestic feelings. He is, therefore, a sincere, straightforward, solid, practical man. He takes a parental interest in the afflicted child, which she very warmly reciprocates. She was quite gratified to think that Mr Jones' head had also been examined. The Vicar looks on the case as a mere matter of fact, and his intellectual and moral feelings prompt him to inquire unceasingly—How can such things be? Can the afflicted girl be restored?

[We shall be glad if our readers in all countries where our magazine is circulated, will make investigation, and try to hunt up any similar cases that may have occurred in their experience. We especially expect to hear from our American and Continental friends. This is rather a rare case, and it is worth investigating. We should be glad

to know that some of our friends skilled in mesmeric healing tried this case. We hear that a committee has been appointed to watch the case.—ED. H. N.]

REVIEWS.

A STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER LAND. By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Illustrated with Engravings of Celestial Scenery, price 5s; to the readers of *Human Nature*, 2s 6d; or free by post, 3s. Boston and New York: *Banner of Light* office; London; James Burns, office of *Human Nature*, 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell.

It would serve no useful purpose for us to give an exhaustive and critical review of this highly interesting and instructive work. In the first place a great proportion of our readers have already subscribed for it at half-price as a supplement to our present number, and in the second place it ought to be read by every thinking mind, as no fragmentary extracts or remarks of ours can substitute that necessary process. We may observe, however, that this work is very different in kind from the others published by Mr Davis. He does not in this case follow the light of the superior condition, and instruct his readers in those occult and spiritual matters which are beyond ordinary mortal view, but like an erudite, experienced man of science, he commences by laying a basis of acknowledged physical facts, indicating the probability, possibility, nay, actual existence, of a spiritual sphere or zone in the astronomical heavens, to which the disembodied spirit gravitates on leaving the earth. In the progress of the work the evidence of mediums and seers is given, and as the author's task approaches completion it becomes very strikingly evident that the investigations of the scientific spiritualist must ultimately throw a very powerful light on what is called *physical science*, and revolutionise to a great extent the now-prevailing notions of existence. This is one of the most engrossing and attractive of Mr Davis' works, which is saying a great deal. It leads the reader on like the gentle harmonies of musical numbers, and it is impossible to lay the work down till it is finished; and yet, it may be taken up again and again with fresh delight. The reader is not only supplied with facts, but taught to think and distinguish truth for himself, which is one of the crowning traits of Mr Davis' valuable productions.

We have intimated that a great number have been already subscribed for by our readers, these will be supplied in the order in which they stand on our books with as little delay as possible.

Our most grateful acknowledgments, as well as those of our readers, are due to Messrs White & Co., the publishers, for the facilities they have kindly afforded, enabling us to distribute the work at such a low price. We hope it may not be the last transaction of the kind which we shall have the pleasure of negotiating.

TREATISE ON LIGHT AND COLOUR; ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM.

By JOHANN FERDINAND JENCKEN, M.D. Translated and prefaced with an Historical and Critical Essay, by H. D. Jencken, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.R.I., F.R.G.S. London: Trübner, 5s., may be had at the Progressive Library.

THE unscientific reader will be astonished on opening this book, to discover what an amount of thought and investigation the every-day phenomenon of light has occasioned; and yet, how opposite the conclusions of philosophers have been, and are to this day respecting it. Mr Jencken's historical sketch of the progress of the knowledge of the laws of light, from the earliest periods, to the date of his father's treatises, is certainly a monument of learning and industry, to appreciate which, no small amount of technical knowledge and scientific experience is necessary. Such a work as this exercises the intellect in a most severe and muscular fashion; but to master its principles and become so familiar with its teachings as to appreciate them critically, is at once an index of great native mental power and high culture. The concluding chapters of the editor's introductory essay on light and colour, and his historical sketch on electricity and magnetism, are lucid and powerfully conceived productions, indicating the high position the writer might attain in the literature of philosophy, with experience and other favourable circumstances. But what shall we say of the treatises of Dr Jencken, which are ostensibly the main features of the work, though occupying little more than half of the space? For the last thirty years of his life, the learned and studious doctor was deprived of his sight; and through the patient devotion of Mrs Hennings (who, by education and natural predilection was enabled to act as his amanuensis), many of his works were committed to paper, for the most part, in the German language. A list of them occupies about two pages of the work before us, and these are promised in a series of volumes, of which, the one now under notice, is the first. It is a psychological study in itself, to picture the blind philosopher, shut out from the objective world by loss of sight, sitting from year to year dictating the most profound thoughts, and instancing the most accurate experiments connected with such scientific matters as the functions of the eye—the phenomena of light, shade, colour, heat, magnetism, electricity, and other “imponderables.” His style of thinking is so condensed, and his mode of illustration so scientific and technical; whilst, at the same time, the matter is in many respects so purely subjective, that it is difficult to present in a small space his leading thoughts and conclusions. We gather, however, that he was of opinion, that there is an introether-world or universe which is continually supplying a never failing stream of power or force to the objective external world, something after the same fashion as the arterial system constantly nourishes the body. The sun is the vortex or heart, which collects the stream from cosmical sources and directs it again into space; where, under certain conditions, it manifests itself as light, colour, heat, oxygen, electricity, galvanism, od force, magnetism, motion, and so on. The doctor's views on these and other cosmical questions, are conceived and expressed with great logical consistency and power of thought. He leads the mind intui-

tively to understand much more than is generally conceived respecting the nature of matter and its attributes,—gravitation, cohesion, vital phenomena, the rotation and revolution of planets, and in fact, every form of natural phenomena which the mind of man has been capable of observing and enumerating. It is suggested that this never failing current of power, passing through the Sun to Earth, and in combination with the telluric ether, performs all these results, positive and negative, heat and cold, light and darkness, as well as stimulates to all action—planetary, chemical, vital, and mental. Here, surely, is a field of thought which challenges our highest respect and most earnest investigation. Viewed in connection with the experiments of Professor Denton in his “Soul of Things” and the “Harmonial Philosophy,” as enunciated in the writings of A. J. Davis, this work claims for itself a superior place amongst the pioneers of a new scientific age, in which the nature of man as spirit, mind, and body, will be more clearly unfolded, and his relations to the universe around him, more reliably determined on. We heartily recommend this work to the readers of the “Stellar Key,” and other books on spiritual science. It will help them much to a conception of the *modus operandi* of those unseen forces and essences which are in themselves motion and life, and of which all things are necessarily constituted.

FATHER FERNIE, THE BOTANIST. By James Nicholson, author of “Willie Waugh,” “Kilwuddie,” and other Poems. London: J. Burns, 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell. Cloth, 2s 6d.

Here is a book for the opening season, containing the life-story of the botanist, a pleasant narrative of rambles amongst nature's beauties, gems of poetry, and spiritual sentiment. What an inexhaustible fund of purest pleasure may be derived from an acquaintance with nature, especially the bright family of flowers that everywhere greet us with their sweet smile. Reader, have you ever given any attention to Botany? If not, your unkindness to yourself is quite inexcusable. Rectify the neglect at once, take counsel of “Father Fernie,” allow him to lead you gently through the opening months, and he will make you fully acquainted with our native floral treasures as they come into season. Father Fernie is not a sermonising bore—quite the opposite. His youthful spirit is full of glee, love, poetry, and warm human sympathy. Young man, young woman, aged sire, or little child, he is the companion for you all. A more suitable gift book, or birth-day present for the season of flowers, could not be selected than Father Fernie, the Botanist.

“DIVINUM HUMANUM” IN CREATION is the title of the new work by the author of “An Angel's Message,” “Ecce Homo,” “Primeval Man,” &c., which is expected in May, price 5s.

It would oblige many of the readers of A. J. Davis' works in this country, if he would kindly favour them with a description of the construction of the magnetic chair referred to in the first volume of “The Great Harmonia.”

A GEM FOR THE ALBUM of the spiritualist and thinker is the beautiful vignette of the author of "The Alpha," by the London Stereoscopic Company. It is not only got up in the first style of the photographic art, but the look of the bust is noble and pleasing. A lady, who is a psychometric and seeing medium, thus expresses herself—"I like the look of Mr Dennys much. I feel such a nice influence creep over me when I look at his carte. I am sure his soul must have been alive to glorious truths." The large number who have been perusing "The Alpha" during the last few weeks, will be glad to know that they can have this agreeable acquisition to their art treasures for 1s, post free, on applying at our office.

HEALTH TOPICS.

DOMESTIC TURKISH BATHS.

(To the Editor.)

Permit me through your excellent magazine to give utterance to a couple of practical hygienic suggestions.

First,—Every one is privately convinced of the necessity of a reform in female costume, and that the present fashion is neither the most healthful nor convenient; but, as usual, few people act up to their conviction.

If, however, parents would carry out in their children's attire the more healthful style, the little girls would grow up to their *teens* wearing it, the novel appearance would become familiarised, and public opinion, which is the terror of so many of us, be won over.

Second,—In reference to the further adoption of the Turkish bath, analysis has satisfactorily proved that perspiration contains in itself the component parts of the excretions of *both* the kidneys and lungs. How great, then, must be the remedial power of the bath in derangements of these organs. Then, like all true remedies, it is good for the healthy as well as the sick—both preventative and remedial.

A small bath, good and not costly, may be fitted up thus—a chamber 6 feet square, with a small brick furnace fixed from the outside, the fire-hole projecting into it, and, if possible, on a level with the floor, covered with cast iron plates $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick, and over these *one* malleable iron plate, 6 feet 8 inches \times 2 feet \times $\frac{1}{4}$ in., which will not break like cast iron with the heat; the malleable plate to be flanged down each side with angle iron, say 3 inches deep, which will be sunk into the brick work, while the ends will go 4 inches into the walls of the chamber. You will thus get a heating surface of 6 feet \times 2 feet, which, with no great expense of fuel, will give you a heat of from 150 to 160 degrees. Ventilators and a good-sized window are also wanted. There, at a low temperature, you can sit and read or write, with the advantage of the sun light playing on your body, the beneficial effects of which

have been acknowledged since the time that the Greeks planted their holly sun walks.—Yours truly,

N. K.

February 15, 1869.

P.S.—My own bath resembles the above in all respects, saving that it is 12 feet long, and is divided by a curtain hung midway; this both imparts an air of comfort to the place and gives you the advantage of different temperatures.

There are two reasons which ought to induce people to abstain from the employment of drugs as medicines—one is that, personally, medical men, with few exceptions, do not take them; the other, that they secretly laugh at those of their patients who place faith in their efficacy. Any one who is in the confidence of the *profession* is aware that drugs are given, not so much because the doctors believe in them, as that the poor, wearied patient, in his physiological darkness, insists on their being administered.

The Anti-vaccination war rages with increased vigour in various parts of the country. R. B. Gibbs, Esq., honorary secretary of the Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League, 1 South Place, Finsbury, has lately lectured in Brighton and other places. A cheap edition of Dr Pearce's essay has been published, of which the Countess de Noailles has subscribed for 200 copies. Previous to legislating on the question, the Russian Government have issued the conditions for a prize essay on the subject, in which questions of the most searching character must be answered. This policy contrasts very widely with that of our own Government, who, at the bidding of a handful of legalised quacks, ordered the compulsory poisoning of the people's blood without the least inquiry into the merits of the operation.

ELECTRIC BATHS.—“You will see by my motto (Nature alone is my Guide) that we are sailing in the same boat, and drifting in the same current of ideas. I read in No. 20 a valuable and powerful article on “Air and Water” in Health and Disease. I am myself engaged in this line of practice, with this difference, that I employ the same means for introducing within the body the therapeutic power of electricity, the only agent in existence for decomposing in the body every substance which is foreign to the composition of the organism, such as mercury, leads, arsenic, substances of a metallic character, and any other organic materials, which cannot make blood nor be assimilated to the living tissues. When these abnormal products are reduced to their atomic condition, they are taken out through the pores of the skin, in the current of the electric fluid, and are electro-plated on the copper of the bath. Besides, electricity is acknowledged to be the vital principle, and as such it promotes all the vital functions, and is thereby the greatest tonic. It is in this respect that it possesses a greater field of action than water alone.”—*Extract of a letter from J. Caplin, Esq., M.D., F.A.S.L., 9 York Place, Portman Square, London, W.*

SOME correspondents recommend that a subscription be instituted for the purpose of securing a visit of the Zouave Jacob to London.

WHISPERINGS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

“THE UNKNOWN AND UNKNOWABLE.”

“Is our faith on the sand or on a rock? Is it too brittle to bear touching?”—*Archbishop of Dublin.* 1850.

Nor having, as usual, received a proof for correction, some unfortunate mistakes occurred in my late communication on the design argument, which I must beg to correct. Page 153, for co-relation and Dr Grove, read—revelation and Dr Irons, and the passage would read thus:—Abandon revelation, and, as the Rev. Dr Irons says, you have no natural grounds or reason for believing in any thing beyond what is contained in what you observe, neither as to one God or a hundred; and if you personify the powers of nature, you at once land yourself in an intellectual as well as in a moral dilemma, &c. (See Hume.) And it seems very clear that a supernatural power could only be revealed to us through some supernatural agency; and as to attributing intention to the formative cause and law in nature it can be no more than a guess, consequently my uncourteous opponent is simply begging the very question at issue from first to last, however self-satisfied he may express himself to be with the result of his own assumptions, which he takes to be logical reasoning. Now the spiritualists, for the most part, do not believe in revelation—that is to say, that the Bible is, in the ordinary and Christian sense, the Word of God, and are, therefore, as it appears to me, in the position supposed by my good friend Dr Irons. On page 156, the sentence, “and of the God of nature,” is omitted. The passage should have been this: “Nor will men easily loosen from their errors, and enter the temple of nature, *and of the God of Nature*—which is that infinite cause in nature,” &c. Now, had the above sentence been inserted, my dear old friend Jerrold’s joke so closely following would have lost all its point and humour; and as for my opponent’s nonsense about my “conventional education leading to stereotyped beliefs,” and my not believing in cause and effect, the remarks are too absurd to require comment. Then we are told that mind is an effect, but cannot be the effect of the organism, because that is itself an effect; so that our writer may abuse and vilify his opponent in want of conclusive arguments, and yet he is not to be held accountable, because, forsooth, he is not a cause at all—his body, as well as mind, being only effects, and yet effects are but links in the chain of causes. Charming reasoning of our anonymous logician, but it really is a little too foolish. He had better keep to abuse, and his “must be’s” in place of what he fancies “must” otherwise be “hap-hazard, chance, and blind uncertain fate;” but not a word about the eternal cause in the undying matter itself, created or uncreated, with its undeviating laws—the fundamental cause and source of all phenomena whatsoever, so far as we know, or can know.

But, I think I may have done with my discourteous, very self-satisfied, and opinionative opponent, who has tried to give a seeming value to very shallow talk by an attempt to detract from the authority

of his opponent—a very low practice, as all know, but a very common one when matters grow desperate. And now, let me hope that Mr Burns will insert my comments which he received some time back on the very important case of “Mary Carrick,” reported in the *Spiritual Magazine*, and I shall be most happy to reply to Mr Chance, if I am permitted to do so. It is hardly yet the time to pronounce on the value of what I may have to say, nor is it fair to judge by what was written before the particular phenomena in question occurred. As for the charge in regard to the Davenport Brothers, I was at all times only a spectator, and never heard them complain of ill treatment. My suggestion was, that they should be bound by thinnest thread, and bands of silver paper about the wrists, sealed, so that the least attempt to escape and the material must give way. The ropes will always be regarded with suspicion. I saw much of the Brothers in private as well as in public, and treated them on all occasions with perfect respect.

HENRY G. ATKINSON.

[Our correspondent's effort to teach the Spiritualists is simply impertinent. His first duty should be to get rid of his conceit and go to the school of newer and higher experiences. In “desperate” cases, it is our supreme delight to be magnanimous, and we leave our readers to judge on which side is the argument, and on which the “abuse” and “low practice.”]

In reply to the remarks of Mr Atkinson, Mr Tietkins says he only quoted definite assertions from the “Letters on Man,” and could not find any modifying explanation in the passages referred to by the author. Mr Tietkins says “Mr Atkinson forgets that our intuition is a part of our nature, and that by lending to it a deaf ear, we do, to that extent, escape from our nature—become, as it were, unnatural.”

EXTRACTS FROM MR WILLIAM HOWITT.

ESHER, March 3, 1869.

My Dear Sir,—I see it stated in your present number that Mr H. G. Atkinson is to be on the committee of the “Dialectical Society” for investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism. The honorary secretary, Mr Bennett, wrote to me, amongst others, to ask what I had to advise in the matter, and to name books which are authorities on the subject. I was glad to comply with his wishes in both cases, but my principal and almost exclusive advice was to attempt what, at the same time, I regarded as an impossibility—namely, to get rid of their prejudices before entering on their inquiries, without which they would only end as some scores of inquiring societies and committees have done during the last twenty years, that is, in total failure; and then inferring from their own disqualifications for the office that there was nothing in Spiritualism itself, though all the while many millions of individuals, also inquiring, were convincing themselves.

The fact that Mr H. G. Atkinson is to be one of this committee of investigation is decisive of the result. What phenomena can be obtained under the influence of a man—whatever may be the character of the rest of the committee—whose whole life has been a denial of

everything spiritual? What *can* a committee do which includes amongst its members the incurably halt and blind? An astronomic or microscopic committee might as well call in the blind, or an acoustic one the deaf, to decide on facts belonging to those sciences, as a committee on spiritual phenomena select as members men, the whole of whose public opinions show that their minds are radically and utterly destitute of the perceptive faculties necessary for the research which they propose.

After twenty years of spiritual and most demonstrative manifestations all over the world; after twenty millions of people are said to have convinced themselves of these phenomena by experiment; after the fire and other phenomena through Mr Home in the heart of London, and before men of sound mind and senses, of trained intellects, and large experience of the world; after such men declare day after day that they see, hear, and touch spirits—the idea of our English Rip Van Winkles just looking up to inquire is very amusing; but, as I said to Mr Wheatley Bennet, better late than never.—I remain, my dear sir, yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

J. Burns, Esq.

P.S.—Let me express my great satisfaction in going further in *Human Nature*, at the complete manner in which, with one good blast of common sense, you have whisked away the empty Atkinson fog.

In another letter, Mr Howitt thus characterises our anti-spiritual correspondents:—

“They are in an intellectual cleftstick, and, like Sterne’s starling, they are always shouting, ‘I can’t get out,’ till they are a nuisance to all who hear their incessant cries. My feeling has always been when reading their non-spiritual lucubrations—‘Well, poor devil, if you can’t see, be content to sit in the sunshine, like other blind men, and enjoy the warmth at least. We can see as well as feel, and if we can’t make you see, thank God! you can’t make us blind!’ Mr Jackson is the best of them. He writes eloquently, and what he does see he demonstrates ably.

“Mr Jencken’s accounts of the manifestations of Home are invaluable. I am glad to find that Lord Adare is printing his personal knowledge of these phenomena with his name. I only regret that it is merely for private circulation. Why not for general circulation? When a person testifies to the truth, the more extensively he does it the better.”

A VOICE FROM THE FAR WEST.

MR BURNS, Sir,—I beg leave to introduce myself to your acquaintance; our mutual interest in progressive and liberal literature is the principal reason why I desire it, as well as an acquaintance with friends of yours, James Boyd, in California, and David Gregorson, in Scotland, to whom I refer you as parties who know me well.

James Boyd first drew my attention to your very excellent magazine,

Human Nature. I am highly pleased with the free independent spirit it has manifested, and the high, noble, and just position it has assumed. I am pleased that such a magazine can be supported in Great Britain, for it proves that there are minds there who have risen high enough to see beyond the narrow limits, creeds stereotyped by church authority and bigoted custom. It is encouraging to know that Spiritualism, as well as all other branches of positive truth, can have fair play; can stand upon their own merits without paying tribute to the dogmas forged in the past, or bending the knee to a collection of pamphlets pronounced sacred by interested parties, and held as holy by indigent souls, who have neither the courage nor power to earn their own spiritual living. I am pleased that you can thus boldly stand on ground, at once assailed by the ultra materialist, who denies the possibility of spiritual organisation; and by the creedist and bibliolater, who being encased in shells of conservative blindness, deny that there is anything seen which *they* do not see; that you can stand there as a friend to help them, or as an assailant as the case may demand. Spiritualism, whether true or false, comes in season to correct a narrow-minded bigotry as pernicious as any that ever emanated from the nurseries of the Christian church; I refer to scientific bigotry. Science can only flourish when it has the utmost freedom, and is truth itself; as such, Spiritualism, in its efforts to represent truth, can have nothing to fear from science *per se*. But, in scientific men, pride and arrogant assumptions have often passed current as science by those dependent upon them for information. It is necessary, even in this boasted enlightened age, for the many to live by faith, to receive the *ipse dixit* of the learned as infallible truths; this begets arrogance in the scientific priest, as surely as it has done so in the spiritual priest.

I bid your periodical a hearty welcome as a friend, here away so far from my native land, in the land of the sun-set, where the orient and occident mutually embrace each other, it is pleasant to greet a fellow-traveller from one's own native land, and the more so that your magazine comes as a friend ministering to the demands of my mental and spiritual nature—my “human nature.”

In California, philosophical liberalism has better opportunities for development than countries nearer the “head centre” of Christianity. Travelling liberalises the mind, and Californians are all travellers. Every one here worships, or does not worship according to the dictates of their conscience. Even the Chinese have two temples dedicated to the worship of Josh, to whom they can say *chin chin* unmolested, and are protected also in their right to do so.

Spiritualism flourishes in California, but from the peculiar nature of this philosophy, all efforts to organise either for business or religious purposes, have been failures. Spiritualism in California is indebted to Mrs Hardinge, and to Mrs Ada Hoit Foye, who came here after Mrs Hardinge's departure. Mrs Foye informed me a short time ago, that she intended to visit England this year; if she does so, you and all the friends of Spiritualism will be benefited by one who is a sterling woman and an excellent medium.

Spiritualism is thriving here, but presents a very chaotic appearance;

but we have faith in its development as a power of discipline and order and progressive improvement.

Excuse me in thus thrusting an uncalled for homily upon you, and occupying your valuable time; but my well wishes for yourself, and the cause of truth is my only excuse. Hoping to be better acquainted. I am, yours sincerely,

J. W. MACKIE.

San Francisco, Jan. 26, 1869.

THE GNAT AND THE CAMEL.

UNDER the title of "The Gnat and the Camel," the *Eastern Express* reports at length a lecture delivered in Norwich on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, by the Rev. E. Mellor, of Halifax.

It is one of the "weaknesses" of the rev. gentleman to "ably sketch a number of the weaknesses, follies, and foibles of mankind." Amongst these aberrations, he catalogues Spiritualism, Theological Investigation, and Anthropology, not the real article in any case, but a stuffed man of straw, the demolition of which by the lecturer "alternately moved his large audience to laughter and applause." To the "tyranny of social usage," "respectable fraud," and other vulgar sins, should be added the loose assertions, or, as Mr Mellor would call them, the "thundering camels" which Christian ministers and other sectarians give birth to when their craft is in danger. Such exhibitions of "humour, eloquence, and sarcasm," do not in any respect cure the evils they profess to expose, but merely amuse a clique of pretentious pharisees with an evening's oratorical mountebankism. It is idle for the clergy to ridicule and damn mankind by turns, whose "foibles" may be traced to the ignorance and darkness in which their spiritual "lights" keep them. Nothing will mend these evils except to teach the people the science of human nature, and how to form their lives in accordance with its Divine purposes. This is the sieve which must strain out that pestilent gnat—an unscientific clergy, who leave men in ignorance and folly, and then have the effrontery to laugh at and misrepresent them.

A spirited controversy in the *Eastern Express* has followed the lecture referred to above. A correspondent, in defending Spiritualism, gives the following item of Mr Varley's experience. Mr Varley told the same narrative at one of the London Conferences:—

"At one period during the construction of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, it had to be subjected to some very delicate tests, and I had become so wearied from the incessant attention given, that sleep at night was of the first importance to me. One day I was more wearied than usual, and to insure sleep made my room totally dark before retiring. After I had been in bed some time, Mrs Varley awoke me, telling me she had been much disturbed by a noise as if some one were in the room. I at once rose and lit the gas, but found no one. At Mrs Varley's request, I left the gas faintly burning, and, returning to bed, was soon again asleep; but my sleep was short, for Mrs Varley again awoke me, and said, 'There is some one in the room, you must turn the gas full on.' I did so, and searched the room, but found no one. I returned to bed somewhat anxious, but soon slept again from

sheer exhaustion, this time to be awakened myself by the noise. I jumped up, and, looking between the curtains at the foot of the bed, I there saw a man, who held up his hand as if to assure me. I then noticed that the man was not opaque, for I could see the wall through him. I turned to my wife and said, 'Can you not see that figure at the bottom of the bed?' She said, 'No! where?' I replied, 'It is between the foot curtains.' She made no answer, and I, looking at her, saw her to be going into a trance, so I waited to see what next. Soon she spoke, being in a trance; but I found it was not her voice, nor herself that was speaking, and I was addressed nearly as follows:—'Mr Varley, I am very glad I am able to make myself visible to you. I was afraid at one time I could not have done so, and I am much more pleased that I can communicate to you. I am —, brother of your friend, who is now at Birmingham. He is very anxious about a matter in which he fears he will fail (this brother was prosecuting some tests many miles away from where I was at that time). Tell him he will not fail in it; he is going the right way to work in it, and all will be as he wishes. You may also tell him, for his identification of me, that I am he who made myself visible to him last night, but could not communicate. Tell him also, in order that he may have confidence in my statement, that I am his brother C—, who went to school at —, in France, and was killed there (stabbed in the breast) by a schoolfellow. Then my body was brought over to England to be buried, and my mother, who went for it, placed some blotting-paper over the wound, and between it and the shirt in which my body was wrapped, in order that the blood which might ooze out should not stain the shirt, and thus call attention to the manner of my death.' He also gave me his age, place of interment, and many other details, that I might have certain proof of his identity. He then left, and we slept the remainder of the night without further interruption. In the morning I wrote to my friend, telling him of the appearance and communication of the night; and in course of post had a reply confirming all the particulars, and adding that his brother had twice appeared to him—the second time the night before he wrote the letter I was then reading—at which second appearance he was able to communicate to him personally, and he then told him he had appeared to me, and also the communication he had given me; so that before he received my letter, telling him of the occurrences before mentioned, he himself knew of them from the mouth of his brother. It is necessary to add that I did not know my friend had a brother who had met his death in such a manner, nor did I know any of the family matters connected with it, until I had the communication from his brother's spirit."

SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.

[M. ALLAN KARDEC has for eleven years been editor of the *Revue Spirite*. He occupies a central position among the spiritualists of Paris, and, we might even say, of Europe; and therefore our readers may be glad to know what is his estimate of the number, position, and future prospects of spiritualists in France. We subjoin some extracts

from an interesting paper on this subject in the January number of the *Revue Spirite*, entitled, *STATISQUE DU SPIRITISME*.]

It may be asserted, without exaggeration, that the number of acknowledged spiritualists—by which we mean believers in the spiritual origin of the phenomena—has multiplied a hundredfold during the last ten years; and this in the face of all the manœuvres employed to stifle the belief, and all the predictions of those who flattered themselves that they had seen the last of it. Every day a considerable accession of converts swells the ranks of the spiritualists, while opposition sensibly diminishes—a strong proof of the widespread sympathy which this movement commands. Hostility, where it does exist, arises from the most part from false notions of Spiritualism derived from absurd misrepresentations of ill-natured critics, who have served their own ends in decrying it. The absence of any general organisation among spiritualists renders an accurate estimate of their number impossible; but there is another kind of statistics that our peculiar position and very large correspondence enables us to make, which may prove still more instructive. Taking an average from more than ten thousand observations, we have drawn up the following table, which exhibits the relative proportions of spiritualists as regards Nationality, Profession, Social Position, Religious Belief, &c.:—

As regards nationality, spiritualists are most numerous in the United States, where their number is computed by some at four millions, by others at ten. This last figure is evidently too high, as it would embrace more than one-third of the population. In Europe, the number of adherents to the spiritualist faith, may be reckoned at one million; France, alone, containing about six hundred thousand.

History offers no example of a religious belief which, in less than fifteen years, has attracted so large a body of disciples.

With regard to the diffusion of spiritualist ideas, and the facility with which they are accepted, the principal States of Europe may be classed as follows:—1. France; 2. Italy; 3. Spain; 4. Russia; 5. Germany; 6. Belgium; 7. England; 8. Sweden and Denmark; 9. Greece; 10. Switzerland.

The proportion of sexes among followers of the faith may be stated as 70 per cent. of men, 30 per cent. women.

The bearing of religious creed is shown, in the fact, that a percentage of 50 are free-thinking Catholics, of 10 orthodox Catholics, of 10 liberal Protestants, of 3 orthodox Protestants, of 10 Jews, of 2 Mussulmans.

As regards social position, it is well known that Spiritualism counts amongst its adherents several sovereigns and reigning princes, members of royal families, and a host of titled nobility. While, in Russia, the faith is confined almost entirely to the aristocracy; in France, it has made most way among the shop-keeping and working-classes.

The liberal arts and professions may be grouped in categories according to the respective proportion of followers which they have furnished to the spiritual ranks.

1. Homœopathic Practitioners, Magnetists.
2. Engineers, Schoolmasters and Mistresses, and Professors.

3. Consuls, Catholic Priests.
4. Musicians, Members of the Theatrical Profession.
5. Police.
6. Allopaths, Literary Men, Students.
7. Magistrates, Government Functionaries, Protestant Ministers.
8. Journalists, Artists, Architects, Surgeons.
9. Lawyers.
10. Bankers, Stockbrokers.

Industrial callings may be arranged somewhat as follows :—

1. Tailors, Sempstresses.
2. Mechanics, Railway Officials.
3. Small Shopkeepers.
4. Chemists, Photographers, Watchmakers.
5. Shoemakers, Labourers.
6. Butchers, Bakers.
7. Librarians, Printers.
8. House Painters, Masons, Locksmiths, Grocers, Domestic Servants.

From our inquiries, as a whole, we conclude—

1. That there are spiritualists belonging to every grade of the social scale.

2. That a belief in Spiritualism is more common among men than women. This fact disproves a prevalent opinion that the doctrine finds most favour among women, because of their fondness for the marvellous. It is, on the contrary, just this very love of marvels and mystery which make them adopt a blind faith, that dispenses with all examination of evidence, while they are repelled by a faith which requires reason and reflection before it can be thoroughly received.

3. We gather that the majority of spiritualists consists, not of ignorant, but of educated and intelligent persons. Everywhere it has spread from the higher to the lower ranks of society, and has never taken an opposite direction.

4. That Spiritualism is more readily adopted by sceptics in religion than by those possessing a rigid creed.

5. Finally, that after fanatics and bigots, the most opposed to spiritualistic ideas, are sensualists, and those people whose thoughts are engrossed by material wealth and enjoyment, to whatever class they may belong, or whatever may be the amount of their education.

Albert Brisbane, the well-known Fourierite, has bought a large tract of land in Kansas for a colony of Frenchmen, who will cultivate the land on the co-operative principle, and also manufacture silk goods. This has been a favourite scheme of Mr Brisbane for many years.

THINK OF IT.—“She died,” said Polly, “and was never seen again, for she was buried in the ground where the trees grow.” “The cold ground?” said the child, shuddering again. “No, the warm ground,” returned Polly, “where the ugly little seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels and fly away to heaven.”—*Dickens*.

H. C. thinks the truths of Spiritualism can be best propagated without discussion. He would like to see a place of meeting open in London on Sundays, where the truths of Spiritualism could be enforced with love and power, accompanied by musical and devotional exercises. There is a sad lack of zeal and industry amongst the spiritualists. They are yet bound up in the fetters of officialism.

“UNDER A CURSE.”—A man named Thomas Martin pleaded “guilty” at the Exeter Assizes on Wednesday to setting fire to a corn-stack. On being called on to receive judgment, he said :—“All I have to say is this—I am a man under a curse, the worst curse that can happen to man. I am possessed of the devil, and that is the cause of my committing the crime for which I stand here. I knew I should have to do it three years before it happened. I know, also, that I have got to commit a murder, and I call on every person present to witness, when at a future day I am brought up for murder, that I gave all the warning that I could. I have only done this now to put off committing murder for a while.” He was sentenced to penal servitude for seven years.

MRS EMMA HARDINGE is a native of Manchester, and an adopted child of Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer. In 1855, Mrs Hardinge accompanied her husband to America, where she became attached to Spiritualism, and in 1857 she appeared as a “medium.” After becoming a lecturer, she was at a seance, where (so we are informed) the “spirits” asked her whether she would comply with their requests in two or three particulars. She replied that she would, whereupon the requests were named, viz., that she should not “puff” herself in the papers; and that “she should never write to any one for an engagement.” On this understanding, at every engagement to which she should be appointed, they (the “spirits”) would support her. If she obeyed these rules, the “spirits” guaranteed to place her “at the top of the tree of oratory,” and from that day (says our informant) she has been as successful as was predicted.—*Manchester Examiner and Times*.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has made the discovery that all forms of life are composed of an identical substance, which he calls “protoplasm,” and that this substance is a combination of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. This announcement of the professor contains nothing new, at least to those acquainted with the spiritual philosophy. The first volume of *Human Nature*, even from the very first article, contained allusions to this view of organisation. Twenty-two years ago, Andrew Jackson Davis, in a state of clairvoyance, or, more correctly, “the superior condition,” declared that the first forms of life originated in deep sea bottoms, and that a peculiar gelatinous mud nurtured the first germs of organisation. The exploration of the Atlantic ocean bottom, previous to the submersion of the Atlantic cable, brought to the surface from depths of from 5000 to 15,000 feet a slimy mud, which, after much examination by Professor Huxley and others, was found identical with the description of the primary substance as given by Andrew Jackson Davis. Many other important facts have been an-

nounced to the world by the same psychological process ; but the world will not recognise them till it gets its eyes opened, which operation is being accomplished daily. If Professor Huxley looks deeper he will find some even more homogeneous elements underlying the "protoplasm," and under that again something more primary and simple, yet infinitely more creative and potential.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS.

MRS HARDINGE AT MANCHESTER.

THE most satisfactory results have attended Mrs Hardinge's visit to Manchester. Her audiences were large and intelligent. Her matter and manner were in her best style. The local press gave lengthy, critical, yet, on the whole, appreciative notices. Respecting the Sunday lecture and the concluding week-day addresses, the secretary writes :—

22 Pimblett Street, Lord Street, Cheetham,
Manchester, March 2, 1869.

Dear Sir,—Respecting the lectures, Mrs E. Hardinge gave an extempore lecture on Sunday, February 21st, admission free. The hall was densely crowded. A committee of five was chosen from the audience, who selected the following for her to discourse upon—"A Logical Proof of the Personal Identity in Immortality," which she elucidated in a masterly manner. After the lecture, Professor Greenbank, the leader of the committee, passed a pleasing eulogium upon Mrs E. Hardinge, and said the question had been answered in such a manner that not one woman in ten thousand and very few men could have done, and that the committee deserved great praise for providing such a lecturer, and hoped the people would support them to their utmost. The next two lectures were well attended by an intelligent class of people. The lectures, on the whole, have been a success.

The under current of Spiritualism in Manchester has been brought to the surface, stimulating the people to investigation and inquiry. The seed is sown, and there is not the least doubt it will ripen and bring forth an hundredfold. I have many inquiries respecting Spiritualism and Spiritual literature, and will do my best to add to the subscribers of *Human Nature*. Will you please send me one of your catalogues, now while the subject is warm, if you think proper. I will act as agent, and open a branch depot for progressive literature, and advertise in the Manchester papers.

We find there are hundreds of spiritualists in Manchester, and we are taking steps to bring them together in one grand organisation.

Believers or inquirers are requested to apply to, yours fraternally,

JAMES THOMASSON, Secretary.

[We shall be glad to see leading spiritualists in other places adopt the resolution of the intelligent and devoted secretary of the Manchester association.]

The Glasgow Psychological Society promises fair to be very successful. Donations flow in. Mr G. C. Clark is corresponding secretary, and watches the position of the newspaper press in connection with the science. The society has permanently settled down at the Wellington Rooms, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. One hundred attended the first meeting, and a dozen or so came forward and joined the society.

SPIRITUALISM IN GLASGOW—RE-ORGANISATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—A correspondent writes as follows:—The paragraph which appeared in *Human Nature* for March is calculated to lead to misconception regarding the present position of spiritualists in Glasgow. In the change of name and basis of union recently effected, by which the Spiritual Association became the Psychological Society, a goodly number of the oldest members took no part. All along there has been a difference of opinion amongst the spiritualists here as to the best mode of forwarding the cause—the one party contending for public lectures and discussions; the other for meetings confined to members and friends. To this may be traced the want of that harmony and interest which latterly prevailed. Now, however, that our friends have got rid (as they say) of “the great evil of their (late) constitution”—that is, “the limitation of their ranks to spiritualists”—and rid also of the name itself; prepared, too, as they allege, to unfold the great mystery by “a course of careful, straightforward, and scientific inquiry,” it was left for those who still bear the name of Spiritualists to form a new association. Accordingly, a meeting was held on the evening of the 15th March, in Whyte’s Temperance Hotel, when resolutions were adopted to the effect—That an association be formed (under the designation of *The Associated Spiritualists of Glasgow*), having for its basis, belief, not only in the reality of the phenomena, but that such phenomena are manifestations of departed spirits; that admission be by ballot; that the meetings be held every alternate Wednesday and Sabbath evening; that while admitting the value of public efforts in certain circumstances, they avoid, as far as possible, any appearance of ostentation in the advocacy of the cause, endeavouring to use the means in their power for the development of mediums, without whom, little in the extension of the movement can be effected; and that the meetings be so conducted that they may become sources of mutual instruction in the great and elevating truths of Spiritualism. It was also agreed, in accordance with the policy and aim of the association, that the rules be few and of the simplest nature, and that the only office-bearers be a chairman and a secretary, the latter to act as treasurer. Reference was made, in course of conversation, to the small library of the late Spiritual Association, now in the hands of the Psychological Society; but it was considered that, though not under our management, it was still doing the work for which it was instituted. During the proceedings, a letter of advice and encouragement was read from Mr Marshall, the late respected president, who is slowly recovering from illness, which has confined him to the house for three months. The brethren present took the deepest interest in the work of re-organisation. At a subsequent meeting on the evening of the 24th, office-bearers were appointed, and arrangements completed for the opening meeting on Sunday the 28th.

PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.—In the *Revue Spirite*, by Allan Kardec, for July 1868, we notice that, at a sitting of the French Senate, M. Genteur referred to the Spiritualists as a *very powerful party*. The teachings of Spiritualism are taking a much deeper hold on the continent than can be detected from external indications.

Spiritualism has taken a start in Spain. Through the counsel of the spirit of Fenelon, whose medium is Francisco Perez Blanca, a spirit journal is about to be published in that country. The Jesuits there are trying hard for a counter-revolution. It will be most glorious should the Spaniards establish a popular constitutional Government on the principles of republican liberty and free worship.—*Extract from a Continental Letter.*